# nemo

## the classic comics library

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Bill Blackbeard on the Birth of Newspaper Comics

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Siegel & Shuster's First Superman—A Bald Villain?

★ Rare, unpublished art
★ The creation of a legend
★ The newspaper-strip origin

# SUPERMAN

An Exclusive Interview with Siegel and Shuster, Creators of One of the Great Comic Characters!

**Ron Goulart's**
History of
Newspaper Super-Strips

**Milton Caniff:**
The Conclusion of
the Great Pirate Episode!

**Fred Harman's**
Great Western Art
Introduced by Stan Lynde

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# nemo contents


**Editorial** by Richard Marschall ____ 5
**Coming Next Issue** ____ 66

**6**
### The Birth of Superman
Tom Andrae secures an exclusive, *super* interview with Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster. Also conducted by Geoffrey Blum and Gary Coddington.

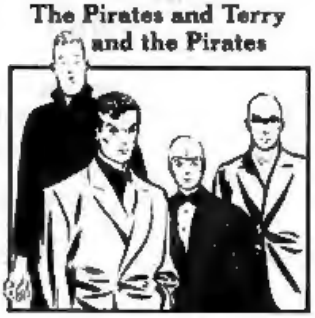
**20**
### The Reign of the Superman
The first incarnation of Siegel and Shuster's Superman. Reproduced from the mimeographed fanzine put out by the teenage friends.

**48**
### Another Origin: The Comic Strip
Bill Blackbeard traces the history of young newspaper mogul William Randolph Hearst.

**53**
### Western Art in the Funnies: On the Range
Long before Fred Harman gave us Red Ryder, he was bringing realistic Western lore and great art to the Sunday comics.

**30**
### A History of Superhero Strips in the Newspapers

Ron Goulart surveys the field in its... uh... glory years.

**36**
### The Pirates and Terry and the Pirates

The conclusion of a gripping pre-war tale by the master, Milton Caniff.

**60**
### Penmen of the Past: Art Young

A look at the career of the acerbic genius with examples of his crusading work.



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# Editorial

The comic strip has been a vital medium fraught with both potential and grand achievements for approximately 85 years now; it has diffidently waited for acceptance from the cultural Establishment, but is happy to proceed without it. Indeed, it may be better and purer without certain investiture that invites stultifying self-consciousness.

Enough high-falutin' talk—in *this* editorial, anyway: for with all the legitimate intellectualizing we can bring to this art, the comic strip—happily, mercifully—remains essentially a visceral and immediate art form. We must bring an aesthetic sensibility to address the question of *why* we appreciate certain strips, or the form itself—but no such baggage is required to simply enjoy the work. And that cannot always be said of other art forms.

In that sense, the best comics are childlike in their appeal (not childish; there are certain deliberate and accidental exceptions). The artform was born, if we believe many contemporary accounts and promotions, ostensibly as a child's diversion. And is it possible that *Terry and Pirates* is assuredly more fondly remembered than *Steve Canyon*, even amongst adults, because the central character was a young boy?

This is speculation, but I believe we should recognize the joyful, innocent, and unprejudiced response akin to a child's when we encounter a strip we enjoy. A person with good sense and good taste will have preconceived opinions of currents in the arts, for instance, and cannot accept or reject *everything* he encounters solely on its own intrinsic merits. Much in art and music is mutually antithetical, so anyone who pretends to like just about anything is like the unfortunate fellow whose mind was so open his brains fell out.

Strips are wonderful little packages, almost like Christmas presents. At a glance they attract or repel you according to the composition, and you can usually get enough of a dose in a Sunday or daily strip to measure the creator's world against your own. The dialogue or continuity—except where plot contrivance proscribes—will be representative of style. In short, one's intuitive reaction to a strip, which must always leaven one's sensibilities but not overwhelm them, can be exercised with abandon when one encounters a new comic strip. In one moment you have the uncamouflaged essence of the artist: his style, maturity, talents, and appeal.

Is it tenuous to compare our reactions to children's? I think not, for the immediacy of the strip medium frees us, as it frees a child by virtue of his age, from any preconceptions in encountering almost anything. Why raise the touchstone of childhood reference at all in this context?

In this issue of **NEMO**, we have in ou lead feature a question of childhood, or a least adolescent, preoccupations. In spite of the fact that our remarkable interview and the startling reprints totally rewrite some standard history about *Superman*, the basic tale of a pair of young pals dreaming on paper remains. That their dream persisted—and that the dreamers were themselves persistent—is their own special story. But I, for one, will always marvel at what is basically a fairy tale: that a commercial colossus and a thematic revolution were effected by the outgrowth of two young fans' often awkward efforts is astounding. As kids they published fanzines when fanzines were unknown. From their basements they playacted as if they were publishing moguls. Perhaps what set Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster apart from thousands of other imaginative kids was that while others toyed with "What If?," they went further and asked "Why Not?" until America shared their enthusiasm for a new type of hero and a new type of story.

More, finally. Which of you has not experienced a childhood wherein comics played some role? where some strip, or feature, or character did not even for a little while hold a magic attraction? For some reason when I was very young I was intrigued by strips of two generations earlier, from the turn of the century. Getting ahold of early funnies, I still remember the almost aphrodisiac effect that the old paper's aroma had on me; and I can never duplicate, or counterfeit, the wonderful sense of discovery the first time I encountered certain features. Milton Caniff recalls the exalted status he felt when first cartooning, and receiving Landon School lessons, and putting lines to paper, even though his throne room was his parents' attic in Hillsborough, Ohio! How many of you recall the anticipation and thrill in writing to cartooning idols in your youth—and actually receiving replies?

No, you will learn through **NEMO** that your editor is ever ready to discuss the more cerebral side of strips at the drop of a panel—but I pray that I *never* lose the boyish enthusiasm about the medium that in the last analysis is so compelling a component of our interest. Siegel and Shuster didn't, as the history-making interview herein attests.

Rest assured **NEMO** will never lose that enthusiasm, and I hope you don't either.

Richard Marschall.

NOTE: The cover drawing of Superman is courtesy of Bruce Bergstrom, proprietor of Artman Originals, 1620 Valley Avenue, Fort Lee, N.J.

# F SUPERMEN and KIDS WITH DREAMS

## A rare interview with the creators of Superman: Jerry Siegel & Joe Shuster

Surely one of cartooning's most familiar icons is the Man of Steel. Not only have his costume, person, and trappings entered our cultural consciousness, but the very concept—once revolutionary and now cliched, which if nothing else is the ultimate compliment—is a common element of 20th century fiction.

Disagreement exists among scholars concerning the absolute originality of the Superman ethos. The other precursors are plentiful (Philip Wylie's *Gladiator*, for one); many have even argued a perhaps-subconscious borrowing from the Christian phenomenology. So whether the two young friends from Cleveland created *Superman* in a vacuum is open to question.

But ultimately the question is silly. What Siegel and Shuster wrought, after heartbreaking trials and rejections, succeeded where nobody else had, to a degree nobody else had with many other themes. The empire that has been built on the foundation of the Superman character—the merchandising, the licensing, the books, movies, radio, Broadway, TV shows, the spinoffs—began with two young friends dreaming up a story for the most amateurish of efforts, a primitive fanzine. But the limitations they endured were ignored in favor of the universe they mastered when creating. And whether it was for a few friends via a Mimeograph machine or for the whole world courtesy of a big New York publisher, their dream world persisted—and triumphed. They always knew it would.

Such a tale—recounted in the remarkable interview that follows—should give inspiration to creators everywhere. The creative obsession of Siegel and Shuster, if not their business acumen, is part of the American Dream.

Almost as famous as elements of the Siegel and Shuster saga, and the Superman *œuvre* itself, is the legendary reticence of the two creators to grant interviews. **NEMO** is fortunate to have historian Tom Andrae's history-making, and history-breaking, transcript of conversations with Siegel and Shuster. Here they reveal previously unknown or obscured facts about their unique story.

And, shattering all conventional wisdom—*every* origin story about the Origin—**NEMO** presents a complete reprint of Siegel and Shuster's very first incarnation of the Superman character, from their 1933 fanzine. That he was a bald villain must henceforth be noted in the histories, and not just with an asterisk.

The interview with Jerry Siegel, Joe Shuster, and Siegel's wife Joanne was conducted by Tom Andrae, Geoffry Blum, and Gary Coddington. Special thanks to Bob Beerbohm for his assistance.

—Rick Marschall

**NEMO: How did the two of you meet?**
**Joe Shuster:** I came from Canada when I was about 10 years old, and our family settled in Cleveland, Ohio. It was in Glenville High School that I met Jerry Siegel; we were both on the staff of the Glenville High paper.
**Jerry Siegel:** Before that you went to a junior high school...
**Shuster:** Yes, it was Alexander Hamilton Junior High School, where I was staff artist on their school paper, *The Federalist*. And I did a comic strip called, of all things, *Jerry, the Journalist*. It wasn't influenced by anything in particular; the script was given to me.
**Siegel:** Strangely enough, it was written by a cousin of mine—he was the editor of the paper. I don't know the details, but when Joe moved from that neighborhood down into the neighborhood where I was living, it was shortly before that I was talking to my cousin—I told him I was interested in comics, and I was starting to collaborate through the mail with some cartoonist—and he told me about Joe. He said that Joe was very good and was moving into my neighborhood and the two of us ought to get together. That's what led to the two of us meeting.
**Shuster:** We were just a few blocks away from each other, matter of fact. We were about 16 at the time.
**Siegel:** Something like that. We were high school kids.
**NEMO: Was the material in your high school paper your first published artwork?**
**Shuster:** Yes, the first that had ever been published. It was a humorous strip, a cartoon.
**Siegel:** It was a gag, complete in itself, each separate one.
**NEMO: What was the high school like?**
**Siegel:** It was Glenville High School, and while we were students there, there were also some students who in later years achieved considerable celebrity—among them Jerome Lawrence, who later was co-writer of *Inherit the Wind* and *Auntie Mame*. And then Seymour Heller, who was also a student there, later became the manager of Liberace. There were some other fellers who did quite well in later years. Some of them worked on the newspaper.
**NEMO: What were your interests at that time besides the high school paper?**
**Shuster:** I tried to build up my body. I was so skinny, I went in for weight-lifting and athletics. I used to get all the body-building magazines—from the second-hand stores—and read them...
**Siegel:** I used to go to the school gym and see Joe in action: he was pretty good.
**Shuster:** ... I put a lot of effort into it for about four or five years.
**Siegel:** Joe, do you mind if I tell a little funny story at your expense?
**Shuster:** Not about the time in Miami!
**Siegel:** No, I'm talking about the barbells. Joe was interviewed years ago, and he was really good with the barbells. But newsmen being the way they are, they waited until after Joe had raised and lowered the thing many times. When he put it down and collapsed, that's the picture they wanted: a funny shot instead of all the terrific lifting he had done.
**Shuster:** Incidentally, Jerry and I did the first science-fiction fanzine, called *Science Fiction*—
**Siegel:** And here's something of interest which the fan field doesn't know, because the information didn't come fully back to me until just a short time ago. Recently I bought a copy of *The Encyclopaedia of Science Fiction*—the title was something like that; it's published in England. At the front of the book they list certain "firsts"; and they had me down as the publisher of a science-fiction fanzine which I put out several years before I even met Joe. It was called *Cosmic Stories*. It was strictly a typewritten and hectographed publication, I believe; I believe that I wrote most of it or at least a great deal of it. It was sold through the mails, and the article says that not even one copy is known to exist today. This was the first science-fiction fanzine in the U.S., and for all I know, in the whole world. This was when I was about 14 years old, back in 1929, about a year or so before I met Joe. It must be quite a collector's item if any copies exist. It's not impossible that a copy might exist somewhere, but the chances of any other copies having survived is rather remote.
**NEMO: Do you recall any of the stories you wrote for that?**
**Siegel:** Yes. As a matter of fact, I even recall that I called the thing The Fantastic Fiction Publishing Company or something like that; and I actually Mimeographed and sold through the mails pamphlets that I wrote under the pseudonym Hugh Langley—or whatever. I don't have copies of those, but I do remember that when I showed the material to my

DOCTOR OCCULT, *the Ghost Detective* By LEGER and REUTHS
PASSING AN ALLEY ONE EVENING, HE HEARS A CRY FOR HELP — AND ACTS!
A VAMPIRE!
DR. OCCULT, THE "GHOST DETECTIVE" WAS SWORN TO COMBAT SUPER-NATURAL EVIL IN THIS WORLD
T-THANK YOU! W-WHAT WAS IT?
NEVER MIND. JUST GO HOME AND REST-- HERE'S MY CARD IN THE EVENT YOU SHOULD EVER NEED ME.
WHEN THE VICTIM OF THE ATTACK REACHES HOME...
SANDRA! YOU'RE PALE! WHAT'S HAPPENED?
NOTHING, DEAR.
BUT THAT NIGHT --
RECEIVING AN URGENT PHONE CALL NEXT MORNING, OCCULT SPEEDS TO SANDER AMSTER'S RESIDENCE.
ITS AS I FEARED! THE TWO PIN-PRICKS ON HER THROAT ARE THE MARKS OF A VAMPIRE!
AFTER FIRST PLACING MRS. AMSTER UNDER STRICT GUARD IN A PRIVATE SANITARIUM, DR. OCCULT SUBSTITUTES HIS LOVELY ASSISTANT, ROSE PSYCHIC, IN HER BED.
THAT EVENING, HIS TRAP SET, HE WAITS TENSELY IN A CLOSET WH[illegible] MONOTONOUS HOURS DRAG SLOWLY BY.
OCCULT! HELP!
DR. OCCULT'S MAGIC SYMBOL HAS NO EFFECT UPON THE VAMPIRE! —— ROSE AND HE ARE AT ITS MERCY!
TO BE CONTINUED

**The pseudonymously written and drawn DOCTOR OCCULT was the first published comic-book work of Siegel and Shuster. The debut episode appeared in *New Fun* #6, dated October, 1935.**

SENT TO AN EGYPTIAN TOMB BY A GROUP OF ANCIENT MAGICIANS KNOWN AS THE SEVEN, ZATOR AND OCCULT HAVE LOCATED THE OBJECT OF THEIR SEARCH, A BELT OF MYSTIC POWERS
AS OCCULT DONS THE BELT HE AND ZATOR ARE ATTACKED BY THE HIRELINGS OF KOTH, ARCH-FOE OF "THE SEVEN"
A SLIGHT TOUCH UPON ONE OF THE BELT'S BUTTONS SENDS THE ASTOUNDED DR OCCULT WHIRLING HELPLESSLY UP INTO THE AIR - -
OCCULT! TO ME!
HEARING ZATOR'S SHOUT, OCCULT PLUNGES RECKLESSLY DOWN TOWARD HIM KNOWING HOWEVER THAT HE CANNOT ARRIVE IN TIME HIS FINGER HAPPENS TO STRIKE ONE OF THE BUTTONS ON THE BELT . . .
HE STIFFENED IN MID-AIR, THEN STRUCK THE GROUND AND SMASHED TO BITS!
THE BELT! IT --TURNED HIM TO STONE!
FRIGHTENED AT THEIR COMRADE'S FATE, THE REMAINING ATTACKERS FLEE IN TERROR!

**Soon DOCTOR OCCULT was featuring a genuine precursor of Superman—a costumed, caped, flying, red-and-blue suited hero. The villain, Koth, is an alien from a foreign planet where he barely escaped its destruction. The story "Koth and the Seven" ran in *More Fun* #14-17. This story was a thematic dry run for Superman, following the conceptualization, but preceding Superman's first published appearance.**

English teacher, she gave me a little lecture that it was a pity I was wasting my time writing such trash when there were so many wonderful types of literature I could be writing instead. And I said, "Well, I like this kind of stuff, and that's why I write it."

**Shuster:** We were both great science-fiction fans, reading *Amazing Stories* and *Wonder Stories* in those days.

**Siegel:** When Joe and I met, it was like the right chemicals coming together. I loved his artwork, the stuff that he showed me—and he showed me stuff that he had drawn even years earlier, when he was a teenager, science-fiction stuff. I thought he had the flair—though he was a beginner—I thought he had the flair of a Frank R. Paul, who was one of the best science-fiction illustrators in the field.

**Shuster:** And I was an avid reader of H.G. Wells—

**Siegel:** Right. And to our astonishment, we found that both of us were great science-fiction fans, Joe as well as I; and we were both reading the same type of material.

**Joanne Siegel:** In fact, the three of us were destined to meet, because we were kids all playing at being grown up, trying desperately to be grown up. And since that first day of our friendship, we're still together.

**Shuster:** Not only that, but when I first met Joe, to my intense delight, he showed me that he was a collector. He was collecting some of the early *Tarzan* pages by Hal Foster, and, later, early *Flash Gordons;* and I found that we were both absolutely interested in the same type of thing. And I was crazy about the artists that he was crazy about, and yet he had this wonderful flair. I didn't know then that some day he would be as famous as those other cartoonists; but I thought, "Gee whiz, I would just love to work with him."

**NEMO:** *Joe, what was the first artwork of yours that Jerry saw?*

**Shuster:** That was when I was about 14 years old. I drew a picture on the back of a calendar in pencil. In those days they used to give out free calendars. I had no art paper, so I took whatever else I could. A lot of my work was done on brown wrapping paper and on the back of wallpaper. The drawing Jerry first saw was on the back of a calendar sheet about 14 inches wide by 17 inches long. It showed the world of tomorrow: a beautiful scene of spaceships, rocketships, and futuristic skyscrapers in the city of the future. At the bottom I put my name and the date and "The City of the Future: 1980." That was in 1926 or 1927. It was one of the few things I've ever saved.

**Siegel:** 1980 seemed like the distant future then.

**Shuster:** My favorite comic strip in those days was *Little Nemo* by Winsor McCay. It was very imaginative, and that was the sort of fantasy I grew up with and loved.

**Siegel:** Me, too: I used to love *Little Nemo*. And I remember that when I was a kid, someone had told me how you could rub a printed drawing with a candlewax candle, put it down on a piece of blank paper, and take a heavy object and rub the back of the paper, and the whole thing, color and all, would be transferred. I used to love to do that with the comics, including *Little Nemo*, which was also one of my favorites. This was years before Joe and I met.

**Shuster:** Also Jerry and I did a comic book together—

**Siegel:** That was later; it was after we did our fanzine *Science Fiction*. I've already mentioned how in 1929 I put out this fanzine: I definitely wanted to be a science fiction writer. Since I was running into a little trouble in getting other people to go along with my desires and publish my stuff, I began publishing it myself. Then, after I met Joe, we immediately began working on a wide variety of different types of comic strips: funny strips and adventure strips. We did a strip about a cave man and showed it around to the syndicates. That was one of our first collaborations, but not the very first. It wasn't too long after that that *Alley Oop* came out, and we did a double-take. And then another strip that I had done before getting together with Joe—I worked with another artist through the mails—was called *The Time Crusaders*. It was about some fellows who travelled around in a time machine and had adventures in the past and future. I presented it, and not too long after that, *Brick Bradford* came out.

**Shuster:** One of the first comic strips we ever did together was called *Interplanetary Police*.

**Siegel:** Right. It was one of our first strips—perhaps the very first. I really can't give you too much detail, except that, as the title suggests, it was about the adventures of the police in the distant future, with the adventures taking place on various worlds. Something funny in connection with it: I submitted it to United Feature Syndicate. Joe and I waited breathlessly. Then one day we got a letter in the mail, and it said United Feature Syndicate on it, and my heart started pounding, and I opened it. There was a real short letter, and the first line was: "Congratulations!" And I thought, "Boy, we've made it." Then

what was the rest of the letter? "This is an interesting strip, but we can't use it"—something like that, which was quite a letdown.

But we did various other strips. We also did a strip about two pals who own some sort of mechanism which enables them to peer anywhere in the world, through walls or anything, and listen in on what gangsters are saying, and then get busy scotching the villainy. In a way, that was a forerunner of Superman's supervision and X-ray vision, only done with a mechanism. I don't remember the title—*Ralph* something.

Another early strip that Joe and I did was called *Snoopy and Smiley*. It was a comedy strip *a la* Laurel and Hardy or Charlie Chaplin or Lord knows what. It didn't sell. Around this time I contacted J. Allen St. John, who had done all the illustrations for the *Tarzan* books; and I worked up with him in my script something called *Rex Carson of the Ether Patrol*. His drawings were very nice. It was submitted around, nothing happened to it, and eventually it just got lost over the years. But then right around this time, Joe and I started our fanzine *Science Fiction*, where I did the first *Superman* story I ever wrote, and Joe did the first Superman illustration that he ever did.

**Shuster:** It (the magazine) was subtitled "The Advance Guard of Future Civilization."

**Siegel:** In the third issue of our fanzine I wrote a story called "The Reign of the Superman." I wrote it under the pseudonym of Herbert S. Fine which was a combination of the names of one of my cousins and my mother's maiden name. Joe did the illustrations for it.

**Shuster:** I did all the illustrations for the magazine, and also for all the other stories.

**Siegel:** I recall that we did a one-panel cartoon feature in the magazine; it was a sort of "Believe It or Not" of the future called *Queeriosities*.

**Shuster:** In the magazine we had letters to the editor; we had invited readers to write in—

**Siegel:** And one of (those readers) was Julius Schwartz, who is currently the editor of *Superman*. And he wrote in, saying some nice things, including the fact that he liked Joe's work. Forrest Ackerman was a contributor—

**Joanne Siegel:** Of stories?

**Shuster:** I believe so—I haven't seen the stuff in years. Also, Mort Weisinger and Julius Schwartz I believe collaborated on a sort of science-fiction gossip column which ran in the fanzine; they may have done it under a pseudonym.

**NEMO: How did you come up with the idea for "The Reign of the Superman"?**

**Siegel:** Well, as a science-fiction fan, I knew of the various themes in the field. The superman theme has been one of the themes ever since Samson and Hercules; and I just sat down and wrote a story of-that type—only in this story, the Superman was a villain.

**NEMO: Had you read any stories featuring supermen as villains?**

**Siegel:** If they existed, I didn't know about them. After all, there were tons of things published.

**NEMO: The bald-domed, menacing Superman in "The Reign" looks a lot like Lex Luthor, the villain in later Superman stories. Did you consciously base Luthor on the early character?**

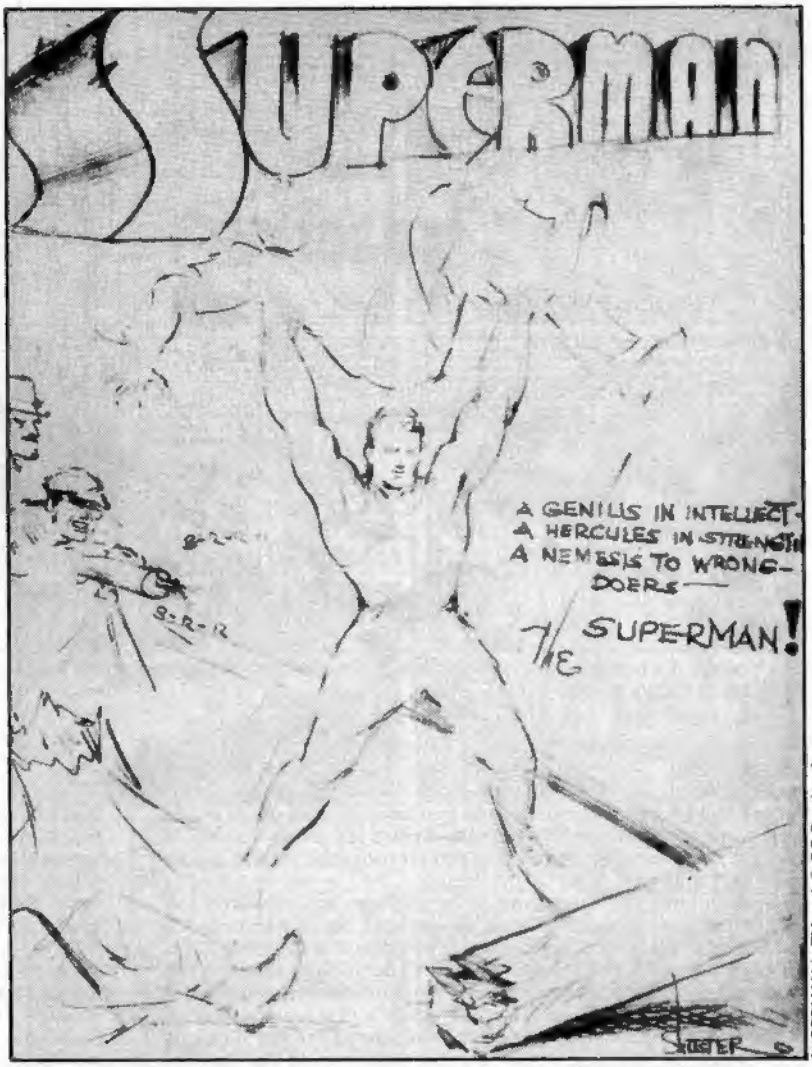
**Shuster:** The evil Superman was just my idea of a villain—I suppose he looks a lot like Telly Savalas.

**NEMO: Did you intend a switch on the traditional Superman theme by making him a villain?**

**Siegel:** No, it wasn't a switch at all: that's just the way I thought that I'd play it. I was just a young kid, and my thoughts didn't go in those directions; that was just the story that occurred to me. That was published in the January 1933 issue of *Science Fiction*. A couple of months after I published this story, it occurred to me that a Superman as a hero rather than a villain might make a great comic strip character in the vein of Tarzan, only more super and sensational than that great character. Joe and I drew it up as a comic book—this was in early 1933. We interested a publisher in putting it out, but then he changed his mind, and that was the end of that particular version of *Superman*—called *The Superman*. Practically all of it was torn up, by the way. Joe got very upset and tore up and threw away most of it.

**NEMO: Does any of it still exist?**

**Shuster:** We saved the cover. The rest of the drawings were a crude version of *Superman*. It wasn't really *Superman*: that was before he evolved into a costumed figure. He was simply wearing a T-shirt and pants; he was more like Slam Bradley (another Siegel & Shuster collaboration) than anything else—just a man of action. But we called him *The Superman*. That was the second time we used the name, but the first time it was used for a character of goodwill. I'm a perfectionist, and I




**The pencil concept sketch for the first version of Superman—"The Superman" still—in comic-book format, ca. 1933. The interior story is presumably the one Shuster refers to in the interview as destroyed in a fit of disappointment. Note that Superman still is without cape and sports a strongman's outfit.**

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BUT MADAME--!
STOP HIDING BEHIND THAT TABLOID, REGINALD, AND TELL ME WHY YOU HAD THE BUTLER INFORM ME YOU WERE OUT!
YULP!--I-ER--THAT IS--WELL DASH IT, AUNT LUCY, EVERY TIME YOU BARGE IN ON ME THE WHOLE WORLD GOES TOPSY-TURVY!
SO THAT'S THE GRATITUDE YOU OFFER ME FOR MY ZEAL IN PROTECTING FROM SCHEMERS THE MILLIONS DEAR UNCLE OSCAR LEFT YOU. THAT SETTLES IT! I WASH MY HANDS OF YOU COMPLETELY!
AUNT LUCY! YOU DON'T REALLY MEAN IT? GOSH, THAT'S SWELL--I MEAN GOSH, THAT MAKES ME FEEL TERRIBLE!
AFTER ALL, YOU'RE TWENTY-ONE YEARS OLD, NOT PHYSICALLY DEFORMED, AND NOT COMPLETELY UNINTELLIGENT. SO WHY SHOULD YOU NEED A WOMAN OF MY AGE TO LOOK AFTER YOU?
THAT'S RIGHT--WHY SHOULD I?
CLARICE--YOU CAN COME IN NOW
AND SO I AM RELINQUISHING MY GUARDIANSHIP OF YOU INTO MORE CAPABLE HANDS, --REGINALD, I WANT YOU TO MEET CLARICE WINSTON, YOUR FUTURE WIFE.
HOW DO YOU D--WHAT?
M-MY FUTURE WIFE! BUT AUNT LUCY! THIS GIRL IS A PERFECT STRANGER!
CORRECT! SHE'S A STRANGER TO YOU, AND--SHE'S PERFECT! I PERSONALLY SCRUTINIZED HUNDREDS OF GIRLS, AND IN MY OPINION, OF THEM ALL CLARICE HERE IS THE ONLY ONE FIT TO BEAR THE NAME: VAN TWERP!
SHE COMES OF A GOOD FAMILY, IS A MODEL OF DECORUM, AND IS A NICE, QUIET, OLD-FASHIONED GIRL--JUST THE TYPE I WAS IN MY YOUTH.
("--JUST-LIKE-YOU--WERE!")--BUT AUNT LUCY... I DON'T WANT TO GET MARRIED!
I'M SORRY, REGINALD, IT'S TOO LATE TO BACK OUT NOW! I'VE PROPOSED FOR YOU, AND CLARICE HAS ACCEPTED!
LISTEN! YOU DON'T WANT TO MARRY ME! I SNORE IN MY SLEEP! I'M ABSOLUTELY REPULSIVE!
OO-OO!--HOW ADORABLE!
CAN'T YOU SEE THE CHILD HAS FALLEN COMPLETELY, MADLY, HOPELESSLY IN LOVE WITH YOU AT FIRST SIGHT? YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO BREAK HER DELICATE HEART, WOULD YOU?
NO...I'D RATHER BREAK HER NECK--OH, I MIGHT AS WELL GIVE IN NOW RATHER THAN LATER... YOU ALWAYS HAVE YOUR WAY WITH ME INEVITABLY ANYWAY. YES YES: I'LL MARRY THE GIRL!

**An attempt at a humor strip was *Reggie van Twerp*, obviously written and drawn in Al Capp's early style; the promotion sheet for the strip even paid homage to Capp's style.**

think the fact that the drawings had been turned down made me want to tear them up. I simply destroyed them. I said, "If we ever do it again, I'm going to redo it properly." It was a very low period for us.

**Siegel:** In later years—maybe 10 or 15 years ago—I asked Joe what he remembered of this story, and he remembered a scene of a character crouched on the edge of a building, with a cape almost a la Batman. We don't specifically recall if the character had a costume or not. The publisher who turned it down published *Detective Dan*. The sketch that was published in Steranko's book was one of the sketches that Joe made at that time for this story—to show the publisher. In that particular sketch, the character is not in costume; but Joe and I —especially Joe—seem to recall that there were some scenes in there in which the character had a bat-like cape.

**NEMO: What was your reason for changing Superman from a villain to a hero?**

**Siegel:** Obviously, having him a hero would be infinitely more commercial than having him a villain. I understand that the comic strip *Dr. Fu Manchu* ran into all sorts of difficulties because the main character was a villain. And with the example before us of Tarzan and other action heroes of fiction who were very successful, mainly because people admired them and looked up to them, it seemed the sensible thing to do to make *The Superman* a hero. The first piece was a short story, and that's one thing; but creating a successful comic strip with a character you'll hope will continue for many years, it would definitely be going in the wrong direction to make him a villain.

**NEMO: Was "The Superman" conceived as a strip or a comic book?**

**Siegel:** It was conceived strictly as a comic book. It was intended to take up the entire publication. When Joe and I first got together, we did attempt to prepare and sell newspaper strips; but they failed to sell. When I saw this publication *Detective Dan*, it occurred to me that we could get up an even more interesting comic book character than that other strip, which seemed to be a takeoff on *Dick Tracy*.

**NEMO: Wasn't there a Popeye-like character with great strength that you created very early, before Superman?**

**Siegel:** We really didn't do much of anything with that. It was a series of little short stories I wrote which ran in my high school paper. Joe and I made little sketches for it, but we never really did much with it. That was *Goober, the Mighty;* it was a la *Popeye*, but it was satirical. Of course, we liked Popeye—especially the animated cartoons, which had a strong influence on me in the writing—and possibly Joe, too, for all I know...

**Shuster:** Yes.

**Siegel:** ... because the super-strength and action in the animated cartoons, rather than in the comic strip, were absolutely sensational. I thought: this is really great, but it's done strictly as comedy. What if it featured a straight adventure character? You could end up with a very dynamic adventure strip. So that was one of the influences on *Superman*. There were many: there was Tarzan, who was the greatest action hero of the time, and various others; but I think the Popeye animated cartoons were one of the strongest influences.

**NEMO: You said at one time that you did a Tarzan satire.**

**Siegel:** That was it—*Goober, the Mighty* took place in the jungle and kind of kidded the Tarzan theme. A lot of our early work was humorous.

**Shuster:** We even did a Laurel and Hardy comic strip, a few sample daily strips, but it was never published. I was really a cartoonist, and I had no idea what we'd be going into. I loved illustration, but I was essentially—I had a flair for comedy.

**Siegel:** We both loved the comic strips; it just so happened that the adventure stuff was what we managed to market, and that's what we did from there on.

**Shuster:** Yeah.

**NEMO: What sort of comedy strips did you enjoy at that time?**

**Siegel:** I enjoyed *Li'l Abner;* that was a strong influence on me.

**Shuster:** Alex Raymond and Burne Hogarth were my idols —also Milt Caniff, Hal Foster, and Roy Crane. But the movies were the greatest influence on our imagination: especially the films of Douglas Fairbanks Senior.

**Siegel:** I read tremendous amounts of pulps; and Joe and I, we practically lived in movie theaters—

**Shuster:** Jerry picked up the technique of visualizing the story as a movie scenario; and whenever he gave me a script, I would see it as a screenplay. That was the technique that Jerry used, and I just picked it up.

**NEMO: Had you had a chance to see professionally written screenplays?**

**Siegel:** Not at all. As a matter of fact, when we broke into the field, we both indulged in what we thought was very experimental stuff. In the writing, I tried to incorporate what was so popular in the pulp field into the comics field. I used a great number of captions along with dialogue balloons, visualizing the way a pulp comic should be. I feel now that we were pioneering, and that much of the stuff that followed was influenced by the way we handled our very early work, like *Slam Bradley*, especially.

*Slam Bradley* was a dry run for Superman. *Superman* had already been created, and we didn't want to give away the *Superman* idea; but we just couldn't resist putting into *Slam Bradley* some of the slambang stuff which we knew would be in *Superman* if and when we got *Superman* launched.

**NEMO: Where did Slam Bradley come from?**

**Shuster:** Oh, that's a very important part of our lives, a very important part of our background. Jerry often says that *Slam Bradley* was really the forerunner of *Superman*, because we turned it out with no restrictions, complete freedom to do what we wanted; the only problem was that we had a deadline. We had to work very fast, so Jerry suggested that we save time by putting less than six panels to a page: four panels or three panels, and sometimes two panels. I think one day we just had one panel to a page. The kids loved it because it was spectacular: I could do so much more. Later on, the editors stopped us from doing that; they said the kids were not getting their money's worth.

The actual character of Slam Bradley was Jerry's idea. They wanted an action strip, and Jerry came up with the idea of a man of action with a sense of humor. The character had a devil-may-care attitude very much like that of Fairbanks Senior's *Zorro*. Still, he couldn't fly, and he didn't have a costume.

SLAM BRADLEY
IN THE COURSE OF ONE OF THEIR ROUTINE CASES, SLAM AND SHORTY, FALL INTO A TRAP FROM WHICH THERE APPEARS TO BE NO ESCAPE. BESET BY OVERWHELMING ODDS THEY APPEAR TO BE DOOMED, UNTIL
JEROME SIEGEL — JOE SHUSTER
-- BEHIND THE FIGHTING MEN THERE COMES THE SOUND OF A BURST OF MACHINE-GUN FIRE.
RAT-T-T TAT
THROW UP YOUR HANDS, ALL OF YOU! -- SLAM, SHORTY, COME HERE!
THANKS FOR THE MACHINE-GUN!
HERE IS MY CARD -- I SHALL BE EXPECTING YOU TO NIGHT AT 8:00 P.M. AT WHICH TIME I'LL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING
BUT HOW, WHO--?
THAT EVENING -- AS THEY MAKE THEIR WAY TOWARD THEIR REGIER'S RESIDENCE.
THOSE CROOKS ARE SAFELY WHERE THEY BELONG, BUT WHAT ABOUT THIS PROFESSOR KENTON? HOW COME HE MANAGED TO SHOW UP AT THE NICK OF TIME?
WE'LL SOON KNOW.

**Rather crude was the early collaboration *Slam Bradley* when Siegel was still "Jerome."**

**NEMO: When you first conceived Superman, did you have the dual-identity theme in mind?**

**Siegel:** That occurred to me in late 1934, when I decided that I'd like to do *Superman* as a newspaper strip. I approached Joe about it, and he was enthusiastic about the possibility. I was up late one night, and more and more ideas kept coming to me, and I kept writing out several weeks of syndicate scripts for the proposed newspaper strip. When morning came, I had written several weeks of material, and I dashed over to Joe's place and showed it to him. [This was the story that appeared in *Action Comics* #1, June, 1938, the first published appearance of *Superman*.]

**Shuster:** That was one very important day in our lives. We just sat down, and I worked straight through. I think I had brought in some sandwiches to eat, and we worked all day long.

**Siegel:** Of course, Joe had worked on that earlier version of *Superman*, and when I came to him with this new version of it, he was immediately sold. And when I saw the drawings that were emerging from his pencil I almost flipped. I knew he had matured a great deal since he had done *The Superman*, and I thought he was doing a great job on the new art.

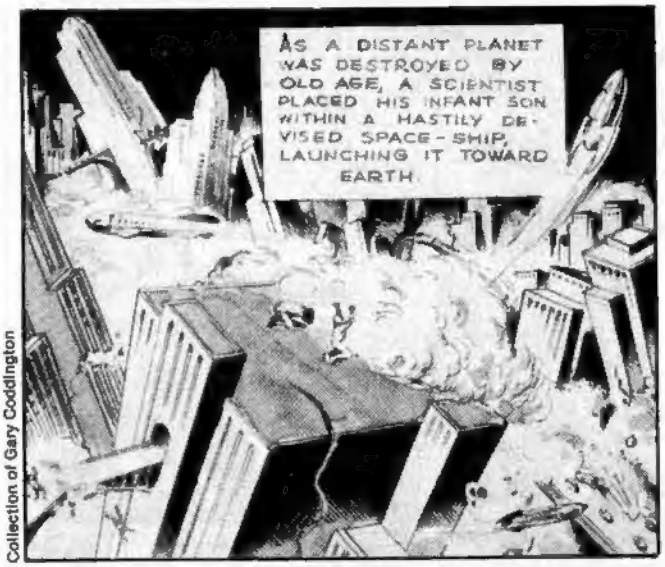
**Shuster:** I was caught up in Jerry's enthusiasm, and I started drawing as fast as I could use my pencil. My imagination just picked the concept right up from Jerry.

**Siegel:** You see, Clark Kent grew not only out of my private life, but also out of Joe's. As a high school student, I thought that some day I might become a reporter, and I had crushes on several attractive girls who either didn't know I existed or didn't care I existed. As a matter of fact, some of them looked like they *hoped* I didn't exist. It occurred to me: What if I was real terrific? What if I had something special going for me, like jumping over buildings or throwing cars around or something like that? Then maybe they would notice me. That night when all the thoughts were coming to me, the concept came to me that Superman could have a dual identity, and that in one of his identities he could be meek and mild, as I was, and wear glasses, the way I do. The heroine, who I figured would be a girl reporter, would think he was some sort of a worm; yet she would be crazy about this Superman character who could do all sorts of fabulous things. In fact, she was real wild about him, and a big inside joke was that the fellow she was crazy about was also the fellow whom she loathed. By coincidence, Joe was a carbon copy (of me).

**Shuster:** I was mild-mannered, wore glasses, was very shy with women.

**Siegel:** So in the artwork, he was able to translate it; and he wasn't just drawing it, he was feeling it.

**NEMO: Did heroes like Zorro have any influence on the dual-identity motif?**


AS A DISTANT PLANET WAS DESTROYED BY OLD AGE, A SCIENTIST PLACED HIS INFANT SON WITHIN A HASTILY DEVISED SPACE-SHIP, LAUNCHING IT TOWARD EARTH.

Collection of Gary Coddington

**Siegel:** Definitely. I loved *The Mark of Zorro*, and I'm sure that had some influence on me. I did also see *The Scarlet Pimpernel* but didn't care much for it. But the shy reporter with glasses came out of our own personal lives. Of course we loved Douglas Fairbanks as Robin Hood, and that influenced both of us: me in the writing, and Joe in the art. I'm sure that subliminally we remembered Rudolph Valentino in *The Sheik*, and the tremendous romantic appeal to women of a guy in costume.

**NEMO: Yet, the early Superman avoided women.**

**Siegel:** Yes. I figured that the character would be so advanced that he would be invulnerable in other ways than physically. Secretly, I kind of enjoyed the thought that women, who just didn't care at all about somebody like Clark Kent, would go ape over somebody like Superman. I enjoyed the fact that he wasn't that affected by all their admiration. When you come down to it, some of the greatest lovers of all time simply aren't that crazy about women: It's the women who are crazy about them. Clark Gable was hard to get, and so were some of the other romantic heroes.

**NEMO: So Superman was conceived as being like the ideal Hollywood romantic hero of the time?**

**Siegel:** That's right.

**NEMO: Joanne, when you first saw the Superman character, did you feel about him the way Jerry and Joe thought girls would?**

**Joanne Siegel:** I thought Superman was terrific. Joe showed me the drawing, and I was taken by it immediately. I thought that this was really different; and that Jerry had a terrific idea, and Joe's drawings brought it to life. I was thrilled to have even a small part in the project.

When I met them I was struck by Joe's age. We met during the Great Depression. I was just a teenager, and my father was out of work; so in order to have any spending money, I had to earn my own money. I found that no one would hire me because I had no skills or training, and even grown people were having trouble getting jobs. I had read an article about modeling, and I thought maybe I could get away with that. So I practiced various poses in front of a mirror, and I put an ad in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* in the Situation Wanted column, advertising myself as a model, and Joe happened to see it. We corresponded, and he signed all his letters "Mr. Joseph Shuster," so I thought he was an older man. We set up an appointment at his apartment, where he lived with his parents, brother, and sister. I went there on a Saturday afternoon because I was going to school during the week. I was so nervous, because I thought he was going to say I was too young.

It was a freezing cold day, and I was absolutely frozen by the time I got there, because I lived on the other side of town. I pounded on the door; and it opened a little bit, and I saw a young boy on the other side, and I said, "I'm the model that Mr. Shuster is expecting." He said, "Come on in," and we got to talking. I asked if I could leave my coat on, because I was still cold. Right away we got excited, we were talking about not only the weather but movies and everything. Finally I said, "Does Mr. Shuster know that I'm here?" And he said, "I'm Mr. Shuster." That was the way we met.

We went in the back, and I posed for him that day; I posed for him every Saturday after that. When I came out to the living room, Jerry was waiting to meet me, because he knew I was going to be coming. I was absolutely astounded with his energy—talk about super-energy! He was sitting on a chair, his feet were going, he was flipping through magazines, anxiously waiting to meet me. (To Jerry:) You made a shambles of that house... We hit it off just great. Then we found that we had all been on our school papers, so we felt that we had a real common bond there. I was at a different school, but I had been on my school paper, and I had wanted to be a girl reporter; so I was very thrilled that I was posing as a girl reporter. We've been together ever since.

**NEMO: And you dated Jerry?**

**Shuster:** I started dating her first.

**Joanne Siegel:** Right. We dated first...

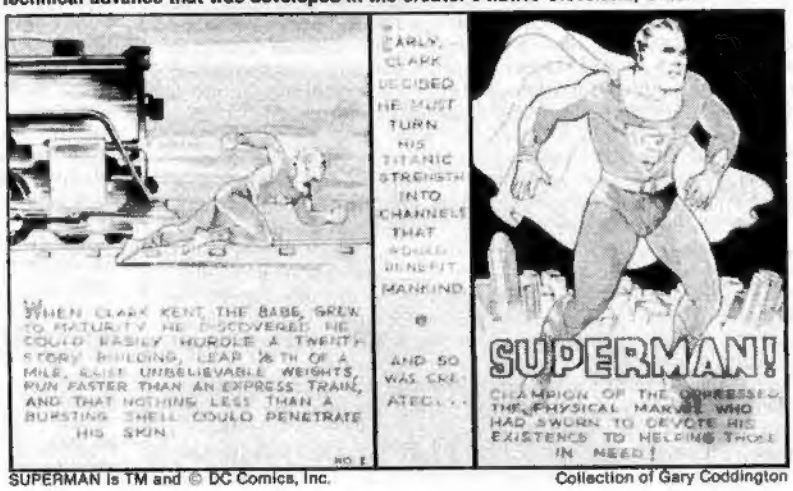
**Siegel:** I was just a bystander.

**Joanne Siegel:** ... and many years later, Jerry and I and Joe had a reunion at the Hotel Plaza in New York at a great cartoonists' ball.

**Siegel:** It was a costume ball. Tell them who you came as.

**Joanne Siegel:** I came as Dixie Dugan, because I had my hair exactly like hers at that time. Joe took me down to the Brooks costume company and rented an enormous ballgown for me, so I looked exactly like Dixie Dugan. Jerry and Joe were having problems at that time—there was litigation—and I just didn't feel like going as Lois Lane under those circumstances. But Lois Lane also wore her hair that way, remember? After this reunion at the ball, Jerry and I started dating, and a few months later, we were married. That was in 1948.

**An early attempt at the Superman origin, one of apparently several syndicate submissions. This effort is neither the same art refashioned for the first issue of *Action Comics* nor the daily newspaper strip as it ultimately appeared. The shading is by Craftint paper, a technical advance that was developed in the creator's native Cleveland, Ohio.**


WHEN CLARK KENT, THE BABE, GREW TO MATURITY HE DISCOVERED HE COULD EASILY HURDLE A TWENTY STORY BUILDING, LEAP ⅛TH OF A MILE, LIFT UNBELIEVABLE WEIGHTS, RUN FASTER THAN AN EXPRESS TRAIN, AND THAT NOTHING LESS THAN A BURSTING SHELL COULD PENETRATE HIS SKIN!
EARLY, CLARK DECIDED HE MUST TURN HIS TITANIC STRENGTH INTO CHANNELS THAT WOULD BENEFIT MANKIND
AND SO WAS CRE- ATED...
SUPERMAN!
CHAMPION OF THE OPPRESSED, THE PHYSICAL MARVEL WHO HAD SWORN TO DEVOTE HIS EXISTENCE TO HELPING THOSE IN NEED!

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Collection of Charlie Roberts

Photo by Joseph Kulik

An early pencil portrait, rather romanticized, of Lois Lane. The photo is of Joanne Carter Siegel on the beach in Santa Monica, ca. 1938, a few years after first posing for Joe Shuster.

**NEMO: How did Lois Lane come about?**
**Joanne Siegel:** Joe was redrawing the strip, and it was going to be more realistic, rather than cartoony. I used to model for him every Saturday until he had enough drawings. He made so many stock drawings that it got to a point where he didn't need any more
**Shuster:** To me she was Lois Lane.
**Joanne Siegel:** We became such good friends by that time we decided we would always stay friends. I did a lot of travelling but kept in touch with Joe; we corresponded. I did a lot of modeling in Boston after that, but the job with Joe was my first modeling job. I posed for a lot of painters and illustrators in Boston and Provincetown and New York—and some photographers in New York. I never did fashion modeling; I never was tall enough. I wanted to grow more, but this is as high as I got.
**NEMO: Did you have a chance to make suggestions about Lois Lane in the early stages?**
**Joanne Siegel:** No. I had no part in that at all. Jerry thought of Lois Lane long before I came on the scene.
**Joe Shuster:** She was a great inspiration for me, though. She encouraged me, she was very enthusiastic about the strip; it meant a lot to me.
**Joanne Siegel:** Many times he used to write to me and say that he was about to give up on it; and I'd say, Keep at it and you'll make it. I had such a feeling about the strip and about them. I told him, "You're going to be very famous some day." But Jerry was the brains behind Lois. People get the word model confused: there's the model that's an inspiration and the model that poses. I was the model that posed; he thought of Lois Lane before I came on the scene
**NEMO: Joe, did you have any male models for Superman or Clark as you did for Lois?**
**Shuster:** No, he was just inspired by many of the heroes in fiction and the classics. And of course, I was inspired by the movies. In the silent films, my hero was Douglas Fairbanks Senior, who was very agile and athletic. So I think he might have been an inspiration to us, even in his attitude. He had a stance which I often used in drawing Superman. You'll see in many of his roles—including Robin Hood—that he always stood with his hands on his hips and his feet spread apart, laughing—taking nothing seriously. Clark Kent, I suppose, had a little bit of Harold Lloyd in him.
**NEMO: The stance of laughing at evil is more characteristic of the early Superman, who toys with crooks and suspends them from telephone wires.**
**Shuster:** That's the one I drew. Jerry and I always felt that the character was enjoying himself. He was having fun: he wasn't taking himself seriously. It was always a lark for him, as you can see in my early drawings.
**NEMO: Where did Superman's costume come from?**
**Shuster:** It was inspired by the costume pictures that Fairbanks did; they greatly influenced us. He did *The Mark of Zorro*, and *Robin Hood*, and a marvelous one called *The Black Pirate*—those are three that I recall that we loved. Fairbanks would swing on ropes very much like Superman flying—or like Tarzan on a vine.

Before I ever put anything on paper, Jerry and I would talk back and forth. Jerry would say, "Well, how about this, or how about that, or how about doing him like this?" And I agreed the feeling of action as he was flying or jumping or leaping—a flowing cape would give it movement. It really helped, and it was very easy to draw.

I also had classical heroes and strongmen in mind, and this shows in the footwear. In the third version Superman wore sandals laced halfway up the calf. You can still see this on the cover of *Action* #1, though they were covered over in red to look like boots when the comic was printed.
**NEMO: Who came up with the "S" insignia, and how many versions did it go through?**
**Shuster:** Jerry and I discussed it in detail. We said, "Let's put something on the front." I think initially we wanted to use the first letter of the character's name. We thought S was perfect. After we came up with it, we kiddingly said, "Well, it's the first letter of Siegel and Shuster." Progressively, as the strip evolved, the emblem became larger and larger; you'll notice at the beginning it was quite small.
**NEMO: It was almost a more simple triangle at the beginning, wasn't it?**
**Shuster:** Actually, it was made like a shield. I can't describe it, but I was thinking of what they call a crest. Yes, I had a heraldic crest in the back of my mind when I made it. It was a little fancy triangle with curves at the top.

Collection of Gary Coddington

Siegel (left) and Shuster (right) in a publicity photo in connection with a Bond Drive, ca. World War II.

**NEMO: Did you foresee the merchandising possibilities inherent in Superman?**

**Siegel:** One day, I read an article in some leading magazine of the time about how Tarzan was merchandised by Stephen Slesinger so successfully. And I thought: Wow! Superman is even more super than Tarzan; the same thing could happen with *Superman*. And I mentioned it to Joe, he got real enthused, and I walked in a day to two later, and he had made a big drawing of Superman showing how the character could be merchandised on boxtops, T-shirts, and everything. We put this merchandising business into one of the very early Superman stories. The publisher looked at it and thought it was a good idea, and Superman has been a terrific earner from character merchandising ever since.

**Shuster:** In this drawing we just let our imagination run wild. We visualized Superman toys, games, and a radio show—that was before TV—and Superman movies. We even visualized Superman billboards. And it's all come true.

**NEMO: How did you name the Superman characters?**

**Shuster:** Jerry created all the names. We were great movie fans, and were inspired a lot by the actors and actresses we saw. As for Clark Kent, he combined the names of Clark Gable and Kent Taylor. And Metropolis, the city in which Superman operated, came from the Fritz Lang movie, which we both loved.

**NEMO: What led you to make Superman a visitor from another planet?**

**Shuster:** Jerry reversed the usual formula of the superhero who goes to another planet. He put the superhero in ordinary, familiar surroundings, instead of the other way around, as was done in most science fiction. That was the first time I can recall that it had ever been done.

**NEMO: Were you influenced by the Edgar Rice Burroughs John Carter of Mars stories?**

**Siegel:** I don't think they had much of an influence on me when I wrote *The Reign of the Superman*. However, when I did the version in 1934, (which years later, in 1938, was published, in revised form, in *Action Comics #1*) the *John Carter* stories did influence me. Carter was able to leap great distances because the planet Mars was smaller that the planet Earth; and he had great strength. I visualized the planet Krypton as a huge planet, much larger than Earth; so whoever came to Earth from that planet would be able to leap great distances and lift great weights.

**NEMO: Initially Superman only leapt great distances. How did his flying evolve?**

**Shuster:** He was mostly leaping tall buildings in the beginning. There were cases where he would leap off a tall building or swoop down, and at that point he would look like he was flying, I suppose. It was just natural to draw him like that.

**NEMO: Some critics claim that Superman first flew in the animated cartoons, and that this influenced you to make the comic-book character fly.**

**Shuster:** Not that I recall.

**NEMO: How did you do the artwork for the Superman story published in Action #1?**

**Shuster:** I think we did the roughs in pencil, then transferred them to other paper

**Siegel:** He was a very meticulous worker. This was in the days when he didn't have to turn out tons of work, so he had the time to put his best efforts into it. In later years, he was absolutely swamped with work and had trouble with his eyes.

**Shuster:** Somebody once pointed out to me that it was so meticulous. It had to be, because I couldn't see: I had to get down to about an inch above the paper in order to see the fine lines.

**Siegel:** That's true: his head was very close to the paper. And on top of that, his family had financial problems, and his apartment in Cleveland didn't have heat. Joe would be working often wearing gloves, and several sweaters, and a jacket or two—he was working under that handicap, on top of his vision problems.

**Shuster:** *Action #1* was taken directly from the newspaper strip: it was pasted up. They were in a rush to meet the deadline on the first issue. Everything happened very fast: they made the decision to publish it and said to us, "Just go out and turn out 13 pages based on your strip." It was a rush job, and one of the things I like least to do is to rush my artwork. I'm too much of a perfectionist to do anything which is mediocre. The only solution Jerry and I could come up with was to cut up the strips into panels and paste the panels on a sheet the size of the page. If some panels were too long, we would shorten them—cut them off—if they were too short, we would extend them. You see, some of the panels were extended to fit the size of the page. It was quite an art job.

**NEMO: How did this art compare with the drawings for "The Superman" which you tore up?**

**Shuster:** Those early sketches looked too cartoony; I really wanted to do detailed drawings—I was taking anatomy classes—but unfortunately I wasn't able to do it because of the time

The first two weeks of the syndicated *Superman* newspaper strip, presenting a definitive version of the origin. From 1939.

JOR-L! YOU'VE COME!
JUST LIKE YOUR DAD!
ARE YOU HAPPY, DEAR?
MORE THAN I CAN EVER--
JOR-L! W-WHAT--?
AN EARTH-QUAKE!
CRASH!
LORA! HAL-L UNDER THAT WRECKAGE! I'VE GOT TO SAVE THEM!
LORA! YOU'RE ALL RIGHT--BOTH OF YOU?
YES -- BUT THERE HAVE BEEN SO MANY TERRIBLE EARTHQUAKES RECENTLY! -- WHY?
NO! I MUST BE WRONG -- I MUST!
JOR-L! I MUST TALK WITH YOU!
I WISH!
BEYOND A DOUBT, OUR PLANET IS DOOMED! VOLCANIC BURSTS HAVE WORKED A WARNING. BUT SOON, DUE TO AN INTERNAL CATACLYSM, KRYPTON WILL EXPLODE TO FRAGMENTS!
OUR PLANET DIE? ARE YOU SURE?
LORA!..LORA, YOU'VE STRUCK UPON THE SOLUTION!
I'VE WHAT?

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THAT'S GRAND!
THE PLANET EARTH!
NOW FOR THE DEMONSTRATION!
EARTHQUAKE!
LOOK THE GROUND HEAVING—PARTING—FLAMING
WE AND HIS HOME WOULDN'T THAN I EXPECTED!
NOW A SECOND TO LOSE! THE MORE FIRE WILL HOLD ONE OF US
IT ONLY ONE CAN ESCAPE, MEET IT MUST BE CHILD
GOOD HEAVENS IT'S A CHILD
EARLY, CLARK DECIDED HE MUST TURN HIS TITANIC STRENGTH INTO CHANNELS THAT WOULD BENEFIT MANKIND
AND SO WAS CREATED
SUPERMAN!

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**Superman finally leaps into the Sunday pages of American newspapers.**

element. We had to turn the stuff out like a factory. Sometimes I wanted to sit down and spend an hour or two on one drawing, but it wasn't possible. I had to produce a complete page—or two or three—in one day. I took a lot of pride in my work, and I hated to do a mediocre job. Evidently, some of the writers enjoyed my work best of all for that very reason. I think Jules Feiffer called it crude. At the same time, he said it came to life. It was not polished. Some of the early drawings were very well drawn, and in great detail, because I had plenty of time to work on each panel. Later I was able to capture the action scenes very well, but I just didn t have time to put in all details, the polishing.

Jules Feiffer also mentioned something which no one has never mentioned before: He said that one reason the kids loved my Superman artwork so much was the fact that it was almost like something they would draw. They could identify with that kind of drawing. I won't say that it was childlike, but I took Feiffer's remark as a compliment. He didn't denigrate my work.

**NEMO: Were there any editorial restrictions placed on the early Superman comic strips?**

**Shuster:** In the beginning, we had a great deal of freedom, and Jerry wrote completely out of his imagination—very, very freely. We even had no editorial supervision to speak of, because they were in such a rush to get the thing in before deadline. But later on we were restricted.

**NEMO: How much of the Superman art did you do?**

**Shuster:** I did all the work at the beginning up until the point where I couldn't handle the increasingly heavy art production burden alone. I needed and got assistance.

**NEMO: Who was the first artist you hired?**

**Shuster:** So much time has passed that it would be difficult for us to accurately answer that question. At that time, the strip was sold to the McClure Syndicate. As time went on, I had quite a production staff, but I was already involved in the drawing. Not all of the aspects of it, but I was involved in the initial layouts, the pencilling; and I did all the faces of Superman, every one of them—which was very tedious, because Jerry insisted (and I agreed with him) that there was nobody else that could really catch the spirit, the feeling, of Superman. I did all the figures, too, as a matter of fact. My staff did mainly the backgrounds and the inking, the polishing up of the pencilling—because a lot of my pencils were quite rough. But they were very spontaneous. What I did was get the initial action of the figure, and they would go on from there. The one thing they did not ink was Superman's face. For about an eight- or 10-year period, I did every face of Superman.

**NEMO: What was your and Jerry's method of working before Superman required a productions staff?**

**Shuster:** We worked very closely. At the beginning, he would sit down next to me at the drawing board. We would sit side by side; it was a real collaboration. He would have his script, and he would describe the scene to me. First he would read the scene to me, and I would absorb it and visualize it. And he'd say, "That's just what I had in mind" or "Let's make a few changes here." He would even describe the positions of Superman he wanted and how the character would act; it was almost like a movie scenario. He did almost everything except draw it—he really visualized everything for me, and I picked it up.

Jerry was one of the first I can remember—at least in the comic books—who really used the style of a screen writer. He

EN ROUTE TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS!
I'M TH' WORLD'S TOUGHEST HERO -- BUT MY I.Q. IS ZERO! THA'S WHY I'M CALLED FUNNYMAN!!
YAK! YAK!
BAH!
To the CLINK
COMIC CRIME CRUSHER
San Francisco Academy of Comic Art

**A fragment of an early *Funnyman* newspaper strip by Siegel and Shuster; the concept was obviously humorous, a preoccupation that was never really far from Siegel and Shuster's work through the years.**

would describe each scene, and the shot used—long shot, medium, close-up, overhead shot. It was marvelous. I guess he evolved the technique for himself because we were both movie buffs. He would study the techniques of the movie serials, but he never saw a written screenplay.

**NEMO: What influence did you have on the portrayal of Superman in other media—the Max Fleischer cartoons, for instance?**

**Shuster:** It was purely accidental. I was just down in Miami for a visit, and somebody who knew me said, "How would you like to come down and visit the Studios?" I said, "Yeah, I'd love to see them doing *Superman*." They were just starting on it. I went down there, and I was fascinated with it. And I suggested "I wouldn't mind drawing some shots for you showing how Superman looks in side view, front view, three-quarter view- how Clark Kent would look, and Lois Lane would look." They said, "Fine- they'd love to have me do it. So I just sat down and spent a couple of days there drawing model sheets. I loved doing it, and I loved being involved in it. And we were lucky enough to receive a credit line on the cartoons afterwards.

**NEMO: Were you involved in the radio show much?**

**Shuster:** No, not really. Jerry may have been consulted about some of the initial scripts. But I remember meeting Bud Collyer, who played Superman. I think the show was very well done.

**NEMO: Did you ever watch any filming of the TV show?**

**Shuster:** No, but I met some of the cast later on. Several years ago we had a reunion and were interviewed on one of the stations in Los Angeles—Channel 13. We did an hour show, and I met the girl who played Lois Lane—Noel Neill—and Jack Larson (Jimmy Olsen).

**NEMO: Did you and Jerry have any part in casting the Superman movie?**

**Shuster:** That would have been great, but we were never approached as to who would play what part—but I had certain people in mind. One of the people I had in mind for newspaper editor Perry White was the fellow who played Lou Grant. Ed Asner. He was marvellous as a newspaper editor.

**NEMO: But you've met the stars of the film.**

**Jerry.** Yes, at the Los Angeles premiere. I thought that Christopher Reeve was great as Superman. He really captured the sense of humor that Joe and I intended the early character to have.

**NEMO: What do you think has made Superman so popular for over 40 years?**

**Siegel:** If you're interested in what made *Superman* what it is, here's one of the keys to what made it universally acceptable. Joe and I had certain inhibitions, which led to wish-fulfillment which we expressed through our interest in science fiction and our comic strip. That's where the dual-identity concept came from, and Clark Kent's problems with Lois. I imagine there are a lot of people in this world who are similarly frustrated. Joe and I both felt that way in high school, and he was able to put the feeling into sketches.

**Joanne Siegel:** Most teenage boys have disappointments with girls...

**Shuster:** True! That's why I say it's a universal theme, and that's why so many people could relate to it.

**Joanne Siegel:** That's why love songs are so popular: they're all full of passion for someone who doesn't care about the singer.

**Siegel:** There's one other comment that I would like to add before we close. It has been very frustrating for Joe and me to have been off the character that we originated and loved for so many years. We are grateful that, in our senior years—we're both almost 69—that the corporation which owns Superman is treating us well.

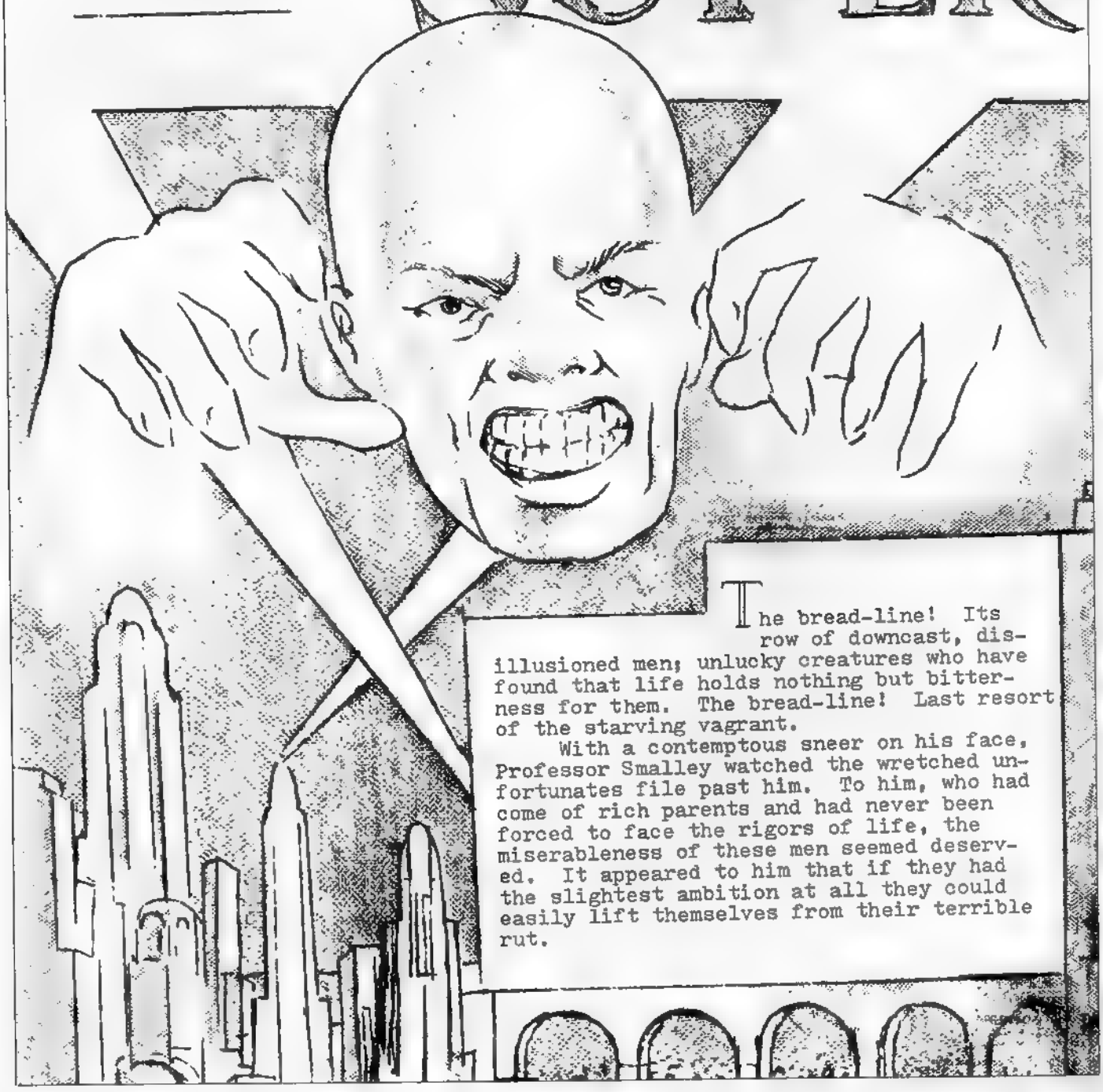
**Joanne Siegel:** We have a good relationship with DC and Warner's.

The following portfolio is a reprint of the 1933 fanzine story by Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster featuring their first conceptual manifestation of the Superman character. It has been retyped to salvage legibility, but the artwork—and the original text—has been preserved exactly. The young creators reportedly used their school's mimeograph machine to run off their somewhat pretentiously titled magazine—*SCIENCE FICTION, The Advance Guard of Future Civilization*. The issue is written and illustrated almost entirely by Siegel and Shuster (the author of "The Reign of the Superman" is a pseudonym for Siegel), except for some writing by Forrest J. Ackerman and a letter to the editor from Julius Schwartz, later editor of Superman Comics! In bizarre fashion, Ackerman appears as a character in the seminal story. The fanzine is the third issue of *SCIENCE FICTION*, and is dated January, 1933.

Collection of Richard Lupoff

# The REIGN SUPER-

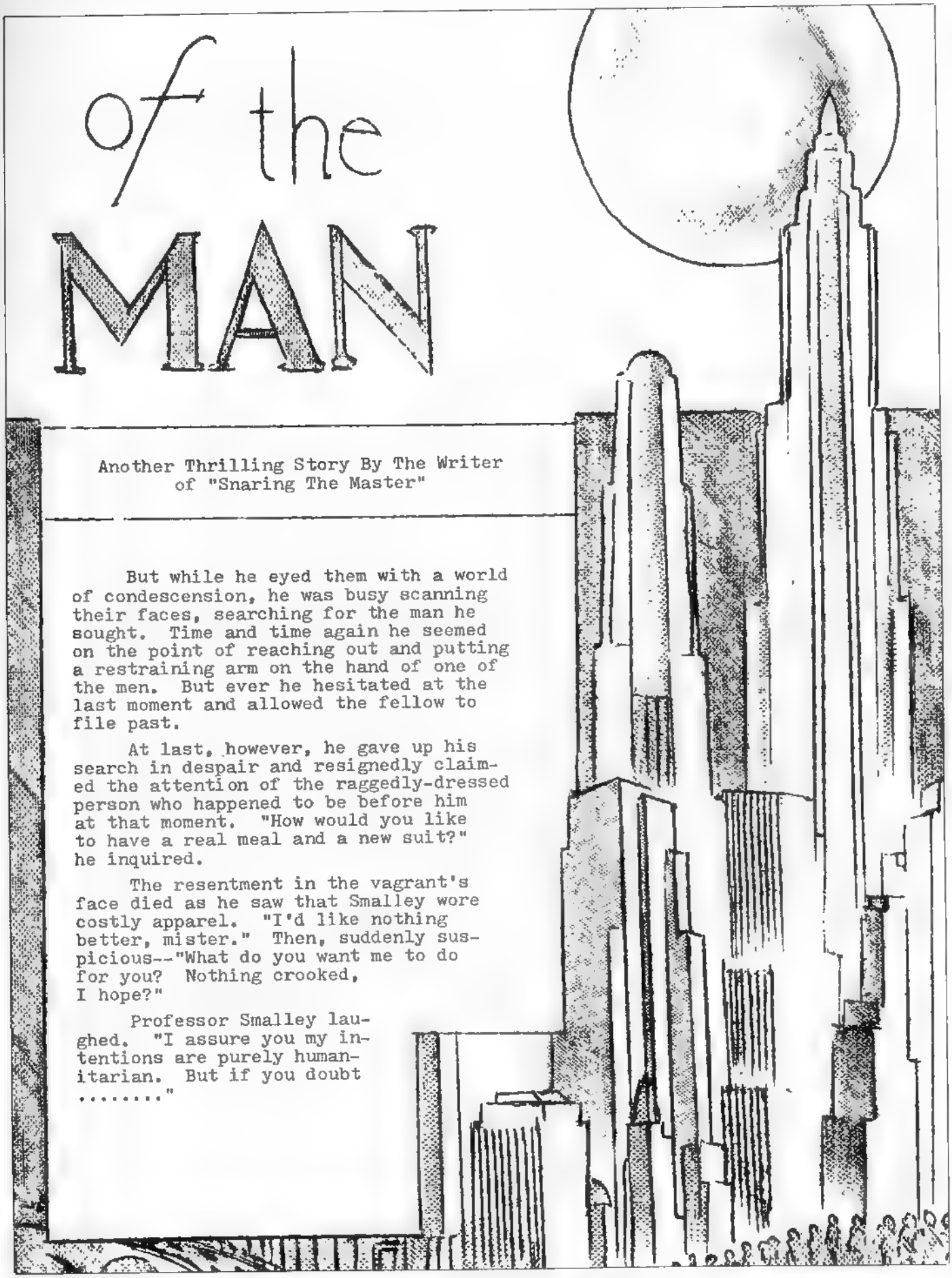
By
Herbert S. Fine



The bread-line! Its row of downcast, disillusioned men; unlucky creatures who have found that life holds nothing but bitterness for them. The bread-line! Last resort of the starving vagrant.

With a contemptous sneer on his face, Professor Smalley watched the wretched unfortunates file past him. To him, who had come of rich parents and had never been forced to face the rigors of life, the miserableness of these men seemed deserved. It appeared to him that if they had the slightest ambition at all they could easily lift themselves from their terrible rut.

# of the MAN



Another Thrilling Story By The Writer of "Snaring The Master"

But while he eyed them with a world of condescension, he was busy scanning their faces, searching for the man he sought. Time and time again he seemed on the point of reaching out and putting a restraining arm on the hand of one of the men. But ever he hesitated at the last moment and allowed the fellow to file past.

At last, however, he gave up his search in despair and resignedly claimed the attention of the raggedly-dressed person who happened to be before him at that moment. "How would you like to have a real meal and a new suit?" he inquired.

The resentment in the vagrant's face died as he saw that Smalley wore costly apparel. "I'd like nothing better, mister." Then, suddenly suspicious--"What do you want me to do for you? Nothing crooked, I hope?"

Professor Smalley laughed. "I assure you my intentions are purely humanitarian. But if you doubt ....."

"No, no," interrupted the man, stepping out of the line. "Indeed I don't, sir. But who are you?"

The professor introduced himself. "Ernest Smalley, a chemist."

The down-and-outer bowed in acknowledgement. "Bill Dunn, gentleman of the road, at your service!"

SMALLEY HAD no difficulty inducing Dunn to enter his car. When he drove off, something within him sang exultantly. In a few minutes he would be started upon the experiment which, he was sure, would bring most startling results. For now that he had secured a human subject, Smalley would see at first hand how his chemical would react upon the subject when taken internally.

All unwitting of the professor's sinister intentions Dunn sat beside him, complimenting himself upon his extraordinary luck.

Some time previous Smalley had secured a fragment of a meteor and upon subjecting to chemical analysis found the presence of what he suspected to be a new element. Upon further investigation he had learned that it exerted a strange influence upon the laboratory animals to whom it was administered. Only a few grains of the precious substance were left. Dunn was going to be the recipient of one half of them, though he was not aware of that.

At length the professor drew up before his house. He hurried into it, followed by Dunn.

Smalley instructed the butler to furnish Dunn with one of the professor's suits.

When Dunn next met Smalley he seemed a far cry from the ragged stranger who had uneasily entered the house. For the first time in weeks his face was cleanshaven. Clean, faultlessly pressed clothes had replaced his frayed garments. There was an air of confidence about him that surprised Smalley.

The professor greeted him with a warm smile. "What a great transformation! It seems impossible that you are the same man!"

Dunn nodded. "Yes, it is possible for me to look respectable. Somehow it's hard for me to believe that you're doing this just out of the kindness of your heart. I've received too many hard knocks, I guess."

Smalley's genial grin vanished and his eyes hardened. Did the man suspect--!

Dunn continued awkwardly. "But I believe I've finally come up against what I doubted existed."

Once more Smalley was smirking.

"You said something about a meal," hinted Bill Dunn. "I haven't eaten for several days."

At once the professor was the perfect host. "Pardon me for my forgetfulness. Be seated, please."

He hurried from the room, and could Bill have seen the triumphant look upon his face, he would have had cause to worry.

IN A moment Smalley returned, pushing a small stand before him. On the rolling platform was a platter of steaming food. "Help yourself," he invited.

Dunn lost no time in accepting. He did away with fancy preliminaries and got down to business at once. He ate his food like a famished creature. Convention was forgotten. He swallowed a large sandwich in four gigantic bites.

The professor's eyes smoldered queerly as Dunn gulped down his coffee. For the great experiment had begun! Smalley's chemical preparation had been placed in that coffee.

Not much later Dunn leaned back in his chair, a frown upon his face. "Feel dizzy," he complained. "Must have eaten too much."

"Perhaps you'd better retire," advised Smalley solicitously. "I can talk to you in the morning about a position I plan to offer you. One moment, while I summon the butler, I'll be right back."

Though his mind whirled under a terrific pressure, Dunn sensed the aura of evil triumph surrounding the professor. It occurred to him for the first time that Smalley might have made him the unwitting subject of some sinister and terrible experiment. As the professor left the room, he was filled with a wild desire to flee. His roving, frantic eyes fastened themselves upon a window.

When Smalley returned to the room with the butler, Dunn was not in sight. With a smug satisfaction within him, Smalley concluded that Dunn had collapsed upon the floor. But when he scanned the floor and found no trace of his victim, then searched the room with mounting alarm and horror, he knew positively that something had gone wrong. And when the flapping of the wind-buffeted curtains drew his attention to the open window, he cursed heartily. Dunn had escaped!

SCARCELY REALIZING what he did or where he was bound, Dunn staggered down the streets. As he approached people, they shrank away, believing him to be under the influence of some powerful stimulant. Fate or extremely good luck kept him away from the vigilant eye of officers of the law. Soon Dunn was babbling incoherently and dashing along the streets at full speed, disregarding any who might be in his way. The professor's residence was situated near a public park. He was soon rushing into its shadows, tearing through the desolate park, like an escaped lunatic. In his blind dash he noted no obstacles. When he crashed unexpectedly into a tree, therefore, he received the full force of the violent contact. He toppled to the ground, dazed and half-conscious.

Suddenly, as he lay there on the ground, a veritable holocaust of confusion burst upon his mind. "I tell you, we've got to use a little strategy. Brains is what this gang needs, and brains is what it ain't got." "The damn fool, I thought she said she could play bridge." "I gotta have that dough, Ma. I gotta have it!" "I'll wait until he turns around and then I'll let him have it in the back." "He's just a kid, Mame. Why don't you let him alone?" "Listen, you, we don't stand for welchers in this burg, see?" "I wonder what she thinks I am, a sap for her to wipe her dirty shoes on?" "Listen, Chief, get this straight. It was Maretti who did the killin', not me. I wouldn't squeal on a pal, but--" "So I tells the umpchay I'm not that kind ova dame. Well, he just looks at me and laughs himself blue in the face. And say, dearie, did I get mad!"

What gibberish was this that darted into his brain like thousands of little light-rays?

"Gentlemen, this is a serious problem that confronts us." "I'd better watch that guy. He looks bad. Maybe he's followed me from Chicago." "To hell with the anarchists!" "I'd starve before I'd go back to that brute." "I wish he'd keep on his own feet. A helluva nerve he had askin' a swell dancer like me to fox trot with a palooka like him." "Look here, punk. You may be the star reporter on this rag but unless you turn in your copy by three o' clock you'll be out in the street peddling shoelaces." "I must not forget to wake up early tomorrow morning."

Dunn shook his head. He wished that the terrible noise raging within his head would cease. Scarcely had he conceived the desire, before the pestilence disappeared. Abruptly he caught himself wondering what Professor Smalley was thinking at that moment, how he had taken Dunn's escape.

AT THE same moment a voice within him began to speak, a voice that undoubtedly belonged to none other than--Professor Smalley himself. "He's gone and the chances are ten to one that I'll never locate him again. What infernal luck. My precious chemical wasted! I'll get him somehow. Why did the fool have to run away? How could he have suspected my motive? Perhaps I should inform the police, hire detectives. Tell them he's a dangerous maniac. Either that or I'll put some crime upon him, frame him. God knows what may happen to him; he may be transformed to an imbecile, but on the other hand--"

Abruptly the voice ceased speaking. Dunn gasped. Was he going crazy, or, sterner possibility, was he already insane?

And then the solution occurred to him; the monstrous, unbelievable truth. Somehow, some way, Professor Smalley had treated him with some chemical that had reacted upon him in this manner, had sharpened his mind so that he could hear thoughts! But was that all?

The five senses! Were they all influenced?

Sound -- Yes!

Touch -- (Dunn touched himself. He noted no new sensation.)
No!

Scent -- No.

Taste -- (Dunn raised a pinch of dirt and dropped it into his mouth. He spat it out quickly.)
No!

Sight ----------

Dunn considered the problem of sight. Was it improved? How could he determine whether it was or not?

He happened to look up into the sky and his roving eyes caught sight of a brilliant red point of light. His interest grew as he regarded it. Within his mind a dry, metallic voice spoke mechanically, unconcernedly: "Mars!"

What was occuring up there, wondered Dunn.

Faster than the speed of light came the answer to that rash thought.

In less time than it takes an eyelid to blink, Dunn was viewing a weird, fascinating scene that was not of Earth.

It seemed to Dunn that he was hovering a short distance above the red, parched surface of the ground in an invisible body. Below him and stretching out from both sides of him to infinite distances was a straight unmarred plain. Except for two objects, and the pale sky, nothing else was in sight. The two objects instantly attracted his interest and attention. Both were--beings! One was a giant tree-like creature, the other a thirty-foot high thin streak of red light.

AS DUNN watched they covered the short distance separating them from each other. Both seemed to flow, rather than to walk across the soil. The moment they came within striking distance, the tree-creature flung out a limb-like tentacle that agily wrapped itself about the red-intelligence. Other limbs flashed out, encircled the red flame and drew it against the tree's breast. In that instant the two alien monstrosities shook with their mighty efforts to destroy each other.

And Dunn, while still on Earth, was witnessing this incredible scene, this sight which was transpiring 35,000,000 miles from where he lay motionless in the park.

The red intelligence now brought into use a power which it had not used before. Suddenly it expanded. The twig-like tentacles of the tree-monster snapped brittlely under the unexpected attack. Entirely engulfed by its adversary it could be faintly seen within the red body that imprisoned it. Then suddenly it had vanished, was gone.

Where before there had been two creatures there now was but--the red-intelligence.

The Martian sight suddenly disappeared. Once more Dunn, white and trembling at the strangeness of the vision he had glimpsed was in the shadows of the park.

The strain and excitement, the influence of the drug, was too much for Dunn to withstand. Exhausted to his very soul, he dropped off into a troubled sleep.

WHEN THE thing that had been Bill Dunn awoke the next morning, it recorded its surroundings and its clothes unfamiliarly. Memory abruptly flooded back. With a chuckle of sheer amusement, it rose to its feet and stretched its arms. Then it began to follow the road toward more densely populated districts. As it walked, it spoke to itself.

"Fool! Why did you sleep on the ground when there were thousands of unoccupied beds in the world! Money, obviously, was the reason. You lacked money. How hilarious! Money is the easiest thing that can be secured upon this planet! And you have spent a full year in idle wastefulness when you could have been living the life of a Prince, an existence incomparable in its ease. It is the greatest sin. I must atone for that;

I must remedy my financial condition. That will not be difficult."

A grin of superiority crossed the Superman's face.

I can do four things that no one else of the planet can emulate. They are: intercept interplanetary messages, read the mind of anyone I desire, by sheer mental concentration force ideas into people's heads, and throw my vision to any spot in the universe.

"Furthermore," he added, "during the night my mind has assimilated all the knowledge that exists in the universe. I know as much about Pluto as its inhabitants whose information I absorbed. I am a virtual sponge that absorbs every secret ever created. Every science is known to me and the most abtruse questions are mere childsplay to my staggering intellect. I am a veritable God!"

Thoughts of his mental achievements swelled him with confidence. He strode along the road arrogantly, his head erect, aggressive. One might have supposed his pockets were overflowing with banknotes of tremendous denominations rather than the empty air.

He stopped the first man he met and inquired where the nearest public library was located. Upon receiving the information desired, he strode off without word of thanks. It seemed perfectly natural to him that people should do as he directed.

ENTERING THE library, he took the elevator to the third floor and hurried into the Science and Technology Room.

"Professor Einstein's book on 'The Expanding Universe,'" he instructed an attendant.

The attendant returned with the copy in her hand. "Our only one," she explained, "but it's printed in German."

"What do I care?" snapped the Superman and snatched the book from the astounded attendant's hand, "I'd be able to read it if it were written in Portugese, Beteguesian, Andromedian, or in the sands of time!"

He seated himself and began to read. A supercilious sneer flashed over his features. Suddenly he roared with laughter and slammed the book down on the table before him, with a mighty bang. "Trash! Bosh!" he cried.

The attendant hurried up. "You will have to be quiet, sir," she cautioned. "There are others in this room who are concentrating. No disturbance will be tolerated."

The Superman bared his teeth. "If I had a ray-tube within reach, I'd blast you out of existence!" he hissed.

Quickly the attendant retreated, positive she was confronted by a madman.

The Superman chuckled softly as he read her terrified thoughts.

An elderly gentleman entered the room and sat down beside the Superman. He shot a momentary glance of disdain at the Superman's dirty, wrinkled suit, made a motion as though to rise and change his seat, then sighed, and apparently changed his mind. He slipped a small magazine from his pocket and began to read. The Superman read the following two words upon its cover: SCIENCE FICTION.

Suddenly the gentleman noted the Superman's stare. He reddened angrily, seemed on the point of speaking. The Superman read his thoughts: "I will humble this impertinent person by asking a difficult question which shall show him his ignorance. I shall say, 'My dear fellow, can you quote me the Fitzgerald Contraction'!"

Before the gentleman had an opportunity to put the question, the Superman replied. "The Fitzgerald Contraction," he stated calmly, "which was looked into by Lorentz and Larnor, has the following equation: $L=\sqrt{1-V2}$."

The elderly man stared unbelievingly. His lips moved, but no words issued forth.

Laughing, the Superman rose to his feet and left the place.

"NOW," THE Superman informed himself, "I will proceed to collect a large sum of money."

He approached a drug-store and stood by the scales. A man approached. The Superman stopped him. "What is your name?" he inquired.

"Smith," replied the puzzled fellow.

"Hello, Smith!" greeted the Superman and slapped him on the back. "Fine weather we're having these days, don't you think?"

Smith nodded, puzzled.

"Say, Smith, how about returning the ten dollars you owe me? I've waited long enough."

Smith started to protest, but suddenly it occurred to him that he did owe this stranger ten dollars.

"Who are you?" he asked, "I've forgotten your name."

"I am your grandfather," the Superman stated, without cracking a smile.

Strangely enough, Smith grinned genially. "Well, darned if you aren't! What a fool I was to forget! Where have you been?"

"I've just returned from a polar bear hunt in South Africa. But how about the ten dollars?"

Two five dollar bills exchanged hands.

"I wager I can guess your weight," the Superman abruptly siad.

"Five bucks says you can't."

"Fine!" The Superman searched the man's mind. When Smith had stepped on a scale yesterday, he had registered one hundred and fifty pounds. "You weigh 150 lbs."

Smith stepped on the scale. One hundred and fifty pounds.....

The Superman now had fifteen dollars.

When Smith reached home, something snapped within him. For the first time it occurred to him how nonsensically he had acted.

The Superman approached the clerk at the drug-counter.

The clerk thought: "I wonder if he wants some booze, too?"

"I'd like a pint," the Superman whispered.

"I don't understand," the clerk said evasively, cautiously.

Dunn leaned forward. "It's all right," he said under his breath. "Smith, the guy who just left, is a close friend of mine. He put me wise."

The clerk reached under the counter and his hand reappeared with a wrapped bottle. "Ten smackers," he whispered.

Suddenly an authoritative gleam appeared in the Superman's eyes. "I got the goods on you!" he exclaimed.

The clerk snatched for the bottle, but the Superman, divining his intention beat him to it. "I'm a Federal Agent," he hissed. "Come along or--" He winked.

"How much?" inquired the clerk hoarsely.

"One hundred dollars!"

"Robber!" "Come across or to the cooler you go."

The Superman left the drug-store with one hundred fifteen dollars in his pocket. "A paltry sum," he told himself. "How can I increase it?"

His forehead furrowed with the intensity of his thoughts. At last he relaxed. "It all depends upon the drug," he muttered. "If I can give rise to this power, nothing can stand in my way toward universal domination."

Dunn stopped walking and approached the side of a building. He braced his back against it. And then his face screwed up with the intensity of his concentration. Abruptly he stiffened.

A vision floated before his eyes. It was of a man sitting on a park bench, reading the daily newspaper. The date on the newspaper was March the twenty-first. The day happened to be the twentieth. The Superman was looking twenty-four hours into the future!

Eagerly the Superman focused his attention upon an article.

"GAMBLERS MAKE BIG DOUGH
GOD OF FORTUNE FAVORABLE

Following the race-track, we find that the heavy betters cleaned up when Blue Angel came in first when odds against it were ten to one. The shock was great and the bookies were hit hard.

"Followers of another, but more popular gamble, the stock market, who owned shares of the formerly valueless Colorado Fruits, got a break today, too. When morning came, the brokers found out Colorado Fruits had shot sky-high overnight. A lot of newly rich were created."

Abruptly the vision vanished.

Dunn had accomplished the impossible. He had looked into the future! It was only within his power to see several hours ahead, but that was enough.

"After all," the Superman mused. "Time is simply duration, and duration is an illusion of the mind."

ALONE IN his laboratory sat the chemist, Smalley. In his hand he clutched the latest edition of a newspaper. His face was white and strained; a light, bordering on madness, flamed in his eyes.

An hour previous he had fired his butler. He wanted to be alone, away from prying eyes.

On the page he so tightly clutched was a picture. The photograph was of Bill Dunn, the man he had administered his drug to.

Under the picture was the following article: "Into the public eye has stepped a mysterious figure, the man who calls himself William Dunn. No one knows from where he has come and he refused to offer any information. But the fact remains that through gambling circles he has amassed a tremendous fortune.

"No one can understand his extraordinary luck. Ever since he appeared, he has been reaping thousands from incredibly fortunate investments. His luck is almost supernatural in its unfailingness.

"The man himself is a queer type. He is exceedingly alert, snaps back answers almost before questions are completed. But he has an overbearing conceit that is almost stifling....."

On another page was a short notice which, while it might have been insignificant to anyone, was of great importance in the eys of Smalley.

"Clyde Kornau of 1131 Grantwood Rd. came to Police Headquarters with a strange story this morning. He says that while sitting in his study yesterday, he suddenly caught himself in the act of writing a check for forty-thousand dollars in favor of William Dunn.

"The police are puzzled. Kornau is too wealthy and powerful a citizen to lie for the sake of cheap publicity. A psychologist informed Kornau that his action had been the unconscious result of reading a great deal about Dunn. Kornau replied that he had never heard of William Dunn."

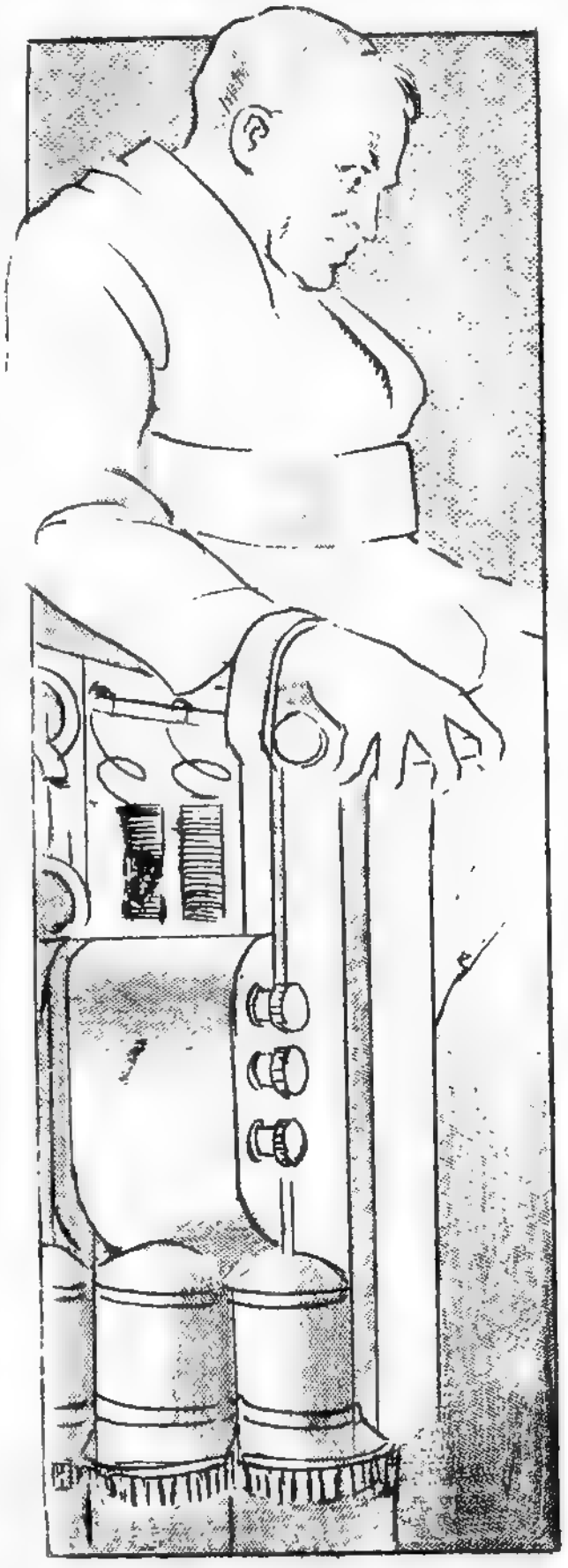
Suddenly Smalley leapt to his feet with a bellow of anger and rage. "I'll tell the whole world the truth about Dunn," he swore, "and they'll put him where he can't do any harm!"

He secured pencil and paper and began to write a long, heated letter. He old how he had taken Dunn from the breadline to make him the noble subject of the greatest experiment of the century. He told of how the chemical had been administered and Dunn's subsequent vanishing. "And," he concluded, "unless this creature is snared and shot dead like a beast, he will grow, his powers will strengthen, increase, until he will hold the fate of the world in the palm of his hand!"

When the letter was completed, he placed it in an envelope, addressed it to the City Editor of the largest newspaper, then left the laboratory and mailed it.

Upon returning to his laboratory, Professor Smalley began to think. He began to envy the power of the Superman, as much as he hated the being itself. Visions of world domination rose before his eyes. Why should he not assume the position he had dreaded the Superman would take? The longer he thought, the stronger the temptation grew.

The desire had grown so strong soon that he began to mechanically go about the procedure of preparing the chemical. Then,



with a visible shock, he realized what he was doing, he went to work with a will that was almost savage.

Quickly he hurried from tube to vessel, working with the rapidity and recklessness of a maniac. Gradually his task neared completion, and finally he poured a thin liquid into a flask and put it away to cool off.

Several minutes later, when the preparation had cooled sufficiently, he raised the flask and prepared to take the drought that would transform him into a Superman.

At that moment the bell to his home rang.

Ordinarily he would have disregarded it, but some instinct informed him that Dunn had returned.

With an evil leer upon his thin features, Smalley lowered the flask and left the room.

Smalley's surmise had been correct. The Superman was standing at the entrance when he opened the door. He stepped out and Dunn entered.

The two walked silently to the laboratory, then Smalley spoke for the first time. "Report what has happened to you."

The Superman did, revealed everything, concealed nothing. He had a motive for telling the entire truth. It was that he had determined to murder the professor before he left the room.

As Dunn related his marvelous experiences one after another, Smalley's greed grew. He visioned what he would do when he had the same powers.

"Dunn," he said, when the Superman had finished speaking, "I am going to drink my preparation, now. That means that between the both of us, with our two gigantic brains, we shall rule the universe!"

The Superman read his mind, which spoke as follows: "And after I take the drug I'm going to dispose of my friend here. Only one Superman can exist, and that will be me!"

Thought the Superman. "Now is the time to kill this creature of such abysmal intelligence who seeks to oppose and replace me."

Smalley made a move to raise the flask which contained the last dose of his chemical. But before he could reach it, Dunn stepped forward and knocked his hand aside.

Instantly the professor leapt for the Superman's throat. Dunn fell back under the sudden attack, then, with a sudden roar, sprang forward and wrapped his arms about Smalley. The chemist struggled and flung the Superman off his balance. They both crashed to the floor.

Over and over they rolled, first one on top, then the other. It was a battle with an almost inconceivable stake. For to the victor would go the rule of the universe.

Abruptly Professor Smalley tore himself loose from his adversary's grip, jumped to his feet, and flew toward the table upon which lay the flask.....

THE INTERNATIONAL Conciliatory Council was in session. Gathered in the great hall were the representatives of all the world's nations, both large and small. This was the greatest Peace Conference of all time. Chairman Warren Mansfield was thundering at the top of his voice "--and as we have

gathered here, sit beside each other with no enmity between us, so shall our respective nations be in the future; friendly, brotherly."

As Mansfield seated himself, thunderous handclapping acclaimed him.

Chinaman and Jap, Frenchman and Englishman, American and Mexican, all smiled genially at each other. They saw that for the first time in the history of the globe, all races were to be joined into one tremendous, everlasting fraternity.

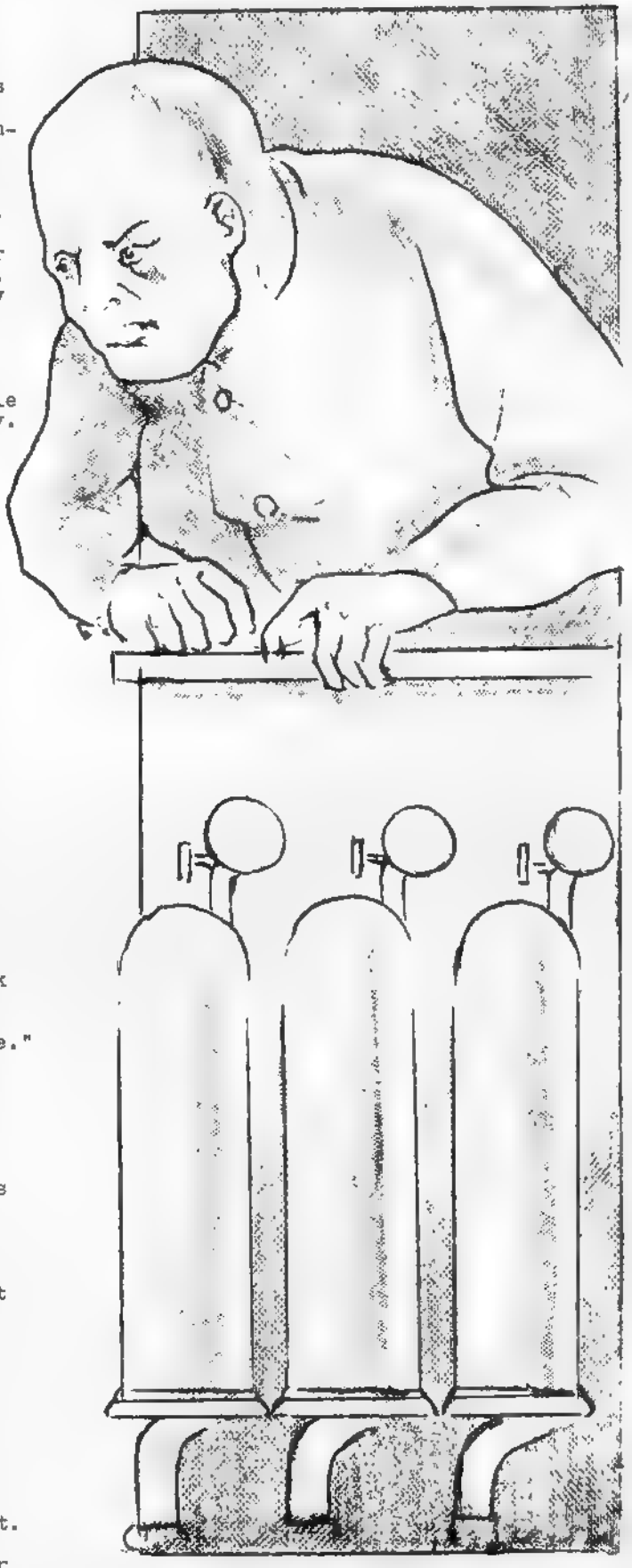
Chairman Mansfield rapped his gavel for silence. "Our first speaker," he announced, "will be Italy's messenger of peace, Anthony Ferroti!"

Ferroti rose to his feet and grinned engagingly. "It is with great pleasure that I annouce--" Abruptly his face underwent a startling transformation. The amiable smile disappeared. His eyes snapped cruelly. His teeth were revealed in a sneer.

"--that Balvania is a hotbed of dirty anarchists!"

The silence in the room was stifling. Every man was thunderstruck.

Balvania's representative recovered from his astonishment. Angrily he leapt upright and screamed a flow of bitter denunciation. Someone gave him a violent shove and sent him crashing against another individual. In another moment the hall was in an uproar. Dignified old gentlemen were bellowing with rage and clutching at the throats of life-long friends. They who had come to make the final peace settlement were now attacking each other like mad hate-filled wolves.



FORREST ACKERMAN listened patiently to his City Editor.

"The Chief gave me this letter and recommended that I pass it on to you. At first he thought it was just the work of a nut, but in view of how things have been developing lately, he suggested that I pass it on to you, and instruct you to look into the matter. Well, that's your assignment. Keep your mouth shut about it. If there's anything to it, we want an exclusive."

Ackerman accepted the proferred letter and glanced through it. As he read, his interest quickened. He whistled. "Sounds screwy."

"It's up to you to discover whether it is or isn't. Get going!"

As Forrest drove to Professor Smalley's home, he considered the relationship of this letter to the recent world-stirring events. If what the professor stated was true, it was likely that his Superman was behind the bitterness between nations. What might the Superman's motives be? Was it simply that his nature demanded he bring evilness and death upon humanity, or more likely, did he hope to gain control of it by first breaking down its strength by pitting it against itself?

He had come to no definite conclusion when he drew up before Smalley's residence. Leaving his car, he climbed the steps and rang the bell. He waited and no response came. He repeated the act. The same result. Impatiently he put his hand on the doorknob, turning it. The door swung open. For

a moment he hesitated, then he entered. He walked from room to room meeting no one.

And then he entered a laboratory. His first glimpse told him that he had stumbled upon something important. The whole room was in terrible shape. Chairs, tables, cabinets were upset. Glassware was smashed. There were evident signs of a battle. A gasp escaped the reporter as he came upon a large crimson spot on the floor. Hardened blood!

But whose?

Ideas rushed through his mind, some incoherent, others complete. But several were not to be denied. Professor Smalley had been one of the men involved in the struggle. It seemed likely that the other had been Dunn, the Superman. But who had won the battle? Whose blood marked the floor?

A possibility occurred to him. Smalley might have conceived the ambition to rule the world. Perhaps there had been a quarrel and the resulting fight in which one of the two had been killed. Who, then, had been the victor? And whoever the victor might be, was it he who was to blame for the world being on the point of war?

Forrest ran from the house and sprang into his car. In a moment it was started and he was tearing along the streets toward the offices of his paper. But he had scarcely gone several dozen blocks before he behaved uncomprehensibly. Instead of continuing along the thoroughfare that would have taken him directly to his destination, he turned into a side street and after that into another thoroughfare which was directly parallel to the one upon which he had been travelling previously. He was headed in the opposite direction!

Abruptly he forgot the startling discovery he had made. Instead, the impression had come to him that he was following an assignment which was to take him to a certain street-number.

In a few minutes he drew up before a building. He entered it. He was met by a cordial, beaming man who led him into a dusty office. "Mr. Dunn?" Forrest inquired.

"Yes. Be seated."

Forrest complied. Instantly, bars of metal sprang about him from the chair's side, grasping his arms, chest, and legs, in an unbreakable grip. At the same moment Forrest realized what had happened. He had been brought here under the power of the Superman's will.

The Superman had seated himself at his table and was facing the reporter.

"Who are you?" Forrest cried. "Smalley or Dunn?"

The Superman did not answer at once. He seemed lost in concentration. Abruptly he seemed to become aware that Forrest had asked a question. "Smalley or Dunn?" he repeated, puzzled. Memory flowed back. "Ah--yes. Dunn."

"You killed Smalley?"

"I killed Smalley."

And--and what are you going to do with me?"

"I have a little matter to attend to before I dispose of you." His tone was flat.

Forrest's mind reeled at this calm declaration of his death.

"I am about to send the armies of the world to total annihiliation against each other."

And then something snapped within Forrest. He cursed at the inhuman monster, called him every insulting epithet that occurred to him, swore to crush him if he broke loose.

The Superman paid no attention to the screaming, pleading man. He clenched his fists and stared before him. As he concentrated, his face slowly twisted itself into such a visage of hate and cruelty that Forrest was appalled. The Superman was broadcasting thoughts of hate which would plunge the Earth into a living hell.

In this moment of dread and terror the reporter sent a silent prayer up to the Creator of the threatened world. He beseeched the Omnipotent One to blot out this blaspheming devil.

Was it true that Forrest saw the look of hate swept from the Superman's face and terror replace it, or was it mere fancy?

Suddenly the Superman leapt to his feet. The chair he had been sitting upon crashed back. "No!" he cried. "No!"

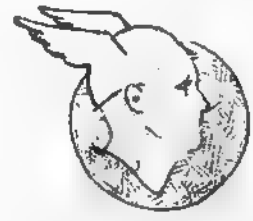
Forrest saw he was shouting at the empty air.

"That vision! That glimpse into the future! Myself tomorrow--sleeping in the park. Once more just Dunn--Dunn the vagrant, the down-and-outer!" The Superman drew a hand across his eyes. "It's the drug! It's influence will be gone in an hour, exhausted! And I can't duplicate the drug unless I can reach the Dark Planet where lies the needed element. And there is not time enough for that!"

The arrogant, confident figure had departed. Instead, there now stood, a drooping, disillusioned man.

Dunn raised his head and regarded the mute reporter. "I see, now, how wrong I was. If I had worked for the good of humanity, my name would have gone down in history with a blessing--instead of a curse." He approached the chair and tampered with some mechanism on its side. "In fifteen minutes you will be automatically released and I--" he grinned wryly, "I shall be--back in the bread-line!"

The End.



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# Leaping Tall Buildings, Falling On Faces

## A brief look at superheroes' newspaper careers through World War II

by Ron Goulart

Illustrations from the collection of Ron Goulart

Although the profound effect of Superman's success on the comic book industry was only dimly echoed in newspaper comics, there were nevertheless several costumed crimefighters who rode into the funny pages on his capetails. Some of them, like Superman himself, leaped over from comic books while some were created expressly for newspapers. Few, despite an impressive array of super powers, thrived and *none* survived beyond a few years.

Characters closely resembling superheroes were to be seen on the comic pages from the late 1920s onward. Readers of *Buck Rogers* were used to seeing brightly costumed folks flying through the air and by the middle '30s you could find heroes in tights, boots, and flowing capes dashing through the panels of *Flash Gordon*. But all of this stuff was taking place in the far future or on remote planets, and neither Flash nor Buck was a true superman.

Flash Gordon (left) and Buck Rogers: prototypes.

Somewhat closer to a standard superguy was the fellow who showed up in *The Adventures of Patsy* in the spring of 1935. Decked out in black tights, boots, domino mask, and a cape, he called himself the Phantom Magician. Besides being able to perform an impressive array of real magic feats, the Phantom could also turn invisible and he was able to fly. When Mel Graff introduced this costumed hero, his strip was just a month old and devoted to cute fairy tale continuities. Within a few months Graff and his Associated Press syndicate editor figured the Depression public was not in the mood for magic and whimsy, and the strip returned to reality. (Well, not quite reality: little Patsy eventually became a child movie star in Hollywood.) The Phantom was last seen in August, 1935. Trading his costume for a business suit, he became Patsy's uncle and never again exhibited any superhero tendencies. Interestingly enough, Graff had once been approached by Jerry Siegel to work on the *Superman* project. He declined, convinced the public would never take such a character to its heart.

Another Phantom came along in February of 1936. This one was the creation of Lee Falk and Ray Moore. Although their Phantom had the look of a superhero, with skintight costume and mask, he had nary a super power. He was closer to the pulp magazine mystery men who'd been proliferating in the

SOLLY, MR. PHANTOM, HOWEVER ARE WE GOING TO GET HOME FROM HERE?
YOU'LL SEE!
NOW I'M GOING TO PUT ON THIS MAGIC CLOAK AND I WANT YOU AND THIMBLE TO SIT ON THE TAIL END OF IT!
SIT TIGHT, HON! WE'RE GOING TO TRAVEL FASTER THAN AN AERO PLANE. READY? HERE WE GO!
IF YOU PASS A GOOD RESTAURANT ENROUTE, STOP, MY PAL
MY FRIEND WE ARE HIGHER THAN THE PROVERBIAL KITE
WOW! THAT REMINDS ME OF HOW I MYSTICALLY WAS CARRIED AWAY BY A KITE!
HIGH ABOVE THE EARTH, THE THREE ADVENTURERS SOAR, THE COOL MORNING AIR SWOOSHING PAST THEIR EARS LIKE A FREE SPEED. . . .
CHILD PATSY AND THIMBLE ARE MAKING THEIR STRANGE HOMEWARD FLIGHT ON THE TAIL OF THE PHANTOM MAGICIAN'S MAGIC CLOAK. LET US PEEK INTO THE HOME
FATHER AND MOTHER . .
THE POLICE REPORT THERE STILL IS NO CLUE TO PATSY'S WHEREABOUTS! SHE JUST VANISHED INTO THIN AIR! I'M A LICKED MAN, JANET. I'VE WORRIED ABOUT IT SO MUCH, I MAY LOSE MY JOB AT THE OFFICE!
BRACE UP, JOHN! PATSY'S BOUND TO TURN UP! I CAN'T BELIEVE WE'VE LOST OUR LITTLE GIRL!
NOW RUN ALONG TO THE OFFICE
OH, PATSY WHERE CAN YOU BE?
IT'S SO HARD TO BEAR UP WHEN YOUR HEART IS BEING TORN TO BITS! THE PLACE SEEMS EMPTY WITHOUT PATSY
OUT AT PRECISELY THIS MOMENT, ONE OF THE WORDIEST "THREE POINT" LANDINGS IN AVIATION HISTORY, IS TAKING PLACE!
HOLD FAST, NOW! WE'RE GOING TO LAND!
WHY THIMBLE! I CAN SEE MY HOUSE FROM HERE!

'30s—the Shadow, the Spider, and the Phantom Dectective. Even without super abilities, the Phantom has managed to stay in business in the newspapers for nearly a half century and that's something none of his more gifted rivals was able to do.

Superman himself arrived on the daily comic pages of America in January of 1939 (a Sunday page wasn't added until November), distributed by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate. Siegel and Shuster, still based in their native Cleveland, had long since hired a staff of artists to help them cope with the demand for more and more *Superman* material. They now employed Wayne Boring (who'd been in Toledo assisting on *Big Chief Wahoo*), Paul Cassidy, Dennis Neville, and others. Some of these men could approximate Shuster's style and some couldn't. It didn't seem to matter. As long as that guy in the trick suit was outrunning streamliners, leaping over tall buildings at a single bound, and saving the accident-prone Lois Lane, anybody could draw him and the circulation figures would keep right on climbing.

All sorts of publishers had moved into comic books once the sales figures on *Action Comics* and Superman became known—large outfits and hole-in-the-wall operations—and for a time they all prospered. Victor Fox was an enterprising magazine publisher who early fell under the spell of Superman. In May, 1939, he launched *Wonderworld Comics* (titled just plain *Wonder Comics* for its initial issue only) and introduced the very first Superman imitation to the world. This chap worked as a mild-mannered reporter and donned a blue-and-red costume to fight crime, but unlike his pioneering predecessor he had blond hair. His name was Wonder Man and he was written and drawn by a youthful Will Eisner. Apparently pressure from the DC powers killed Wonder Man after but a single adventure. Undaunted, Fox kept introducing new magazines and more superheroes. The premiere issue of his *Mystery Men Comics* (August, 1939) offered two of them, the Green Mask and the Blue Beetle. A great believer in merchandising, Fox very quickly began trying to push his heroes, and heroines, into other media. Fox had the ear of trade magazines such as *Editor & Publisher* and his pronouncements on the future of newspaper strips appeared under headlines like Fox Sees Adventure Comics in Ascendancy" and "Format Change Won't Help Comics, Says Fox." It was his theory that what everybody wanted now was the type of "thriller" material which only comic books, particularly those of his Fox Line, could deliver.

All this was, of course, a prelude to his offering comic strips of his own. Fox produced daily-strip versions of his comic book heroes, as well as half-page Sundays and four-page readyprint Sunday funny sections. An enterprising and practical man, Fox made the Sun-

**Above: A super-hero, replete with costume, cape, and ability to fly, appeared in the daily *Patsy* comic strip by Mel Graff years before any comic-book or -strip artists employed the shtick.**

**Below: The Phantom of Lee Falk and Phil Davis did not exactly possess super powers—but neither was he one to mess with.**

FOR THOSE WHO CAME IN LATE—
FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO, A MAN WAS WASHED UP ON A REMOTE BENGAL SHORE. HE HAD SEEN HIS FATHER KILLED AND HIS SHIP SCUTTLED BY SINGH PIRATES. . . .
—TO DEVOTE MY LIFE TO THE DESTRUCTION OF ALL FORMS OF PIRACY, GREED AND CRUELTY.
HE SWORE AN OATH ON THE SKULL OF HIS FATHER'S MURERER. HE WAS THE FIRST PHANTOM, AND THE ELDEST MALE OF EACH SUCCEEDING GENERATION OF HIS FAMILY CARRIED ON. . . . .
THE GHOST WHO WALKS—
CAN NEVER DIE!
AS THE UNBROKEN LINE CONTINUED THROUGH THE CENTURIES, THE ORIENT BELIEVED IT WAS ALWAYS THE SAME MAN! SO THE LEGEND GREW!
TODAY AS ALWAYS BEFORE, STRIKING SUDDENLY, MYSTERIOUSLY. . . THE PHANTOM WORKS ALONE!

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THE BLUE BEETLE HURLS HIMSELF AT KILLER CONWAY BEFORE THE GANGSTER CAN USE HIS GUN EFFECTIVELY
YOU WON'T NEED THIS TOY ANYMORE, CONWAY
HIS GUN GONE, THE DESPERATE KILLER GROPES FRANTICALLY ABOUT UNTIL HIS FINGERS REACH A FALLEN STATUETTE
CONWAY STRIKES WITH THE SWIFTNESS OF A COBRA. THE CRUEL, SMASHING BLOW SENDS THE BLUE BEETLE REELING BACKWARDS.
THE BLUE BEETLE IS STUNNED BY THE BLUNT END OF A STATUETTE WIELDED BY KILLER CONWAY WHO SWIFTLY FOLLOWS UP HIS ATTACK!
THIS TIME YOU'RE GOING TO STAY DOWN, BEETLE!
THE BLUE BEETLE BEATS THE VICIOUS DOWNTHRUST WITH A FLYING TACKLE
YOUR LAZY TRICK HAS FAILED, CONWAY, COME AND GET IT!

**Above** *The Blue Beetle* **drawn by Jack Kirby. Below—shades of** *Smilin' Jack!*—**an episode of the urbane superhero** *Sparky Watts*

day pages by cutting up his old comic book pages, reassembling them, and adding logos The daily strips, though, used original material.

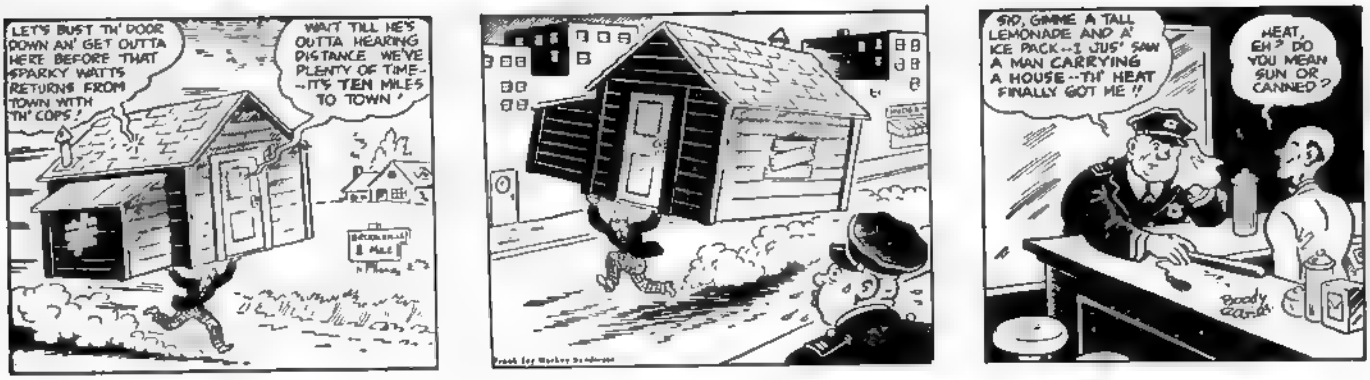
These daily strips included *Spark Stevens Patty O'Day*, the *Green Mask*, and the *Blue Beetle*. The *Beetle* strip, which seems to have begun in a very small number of papers late in 1939, featured artwork by Jack Kirby and, later, the dependable Fox hack Louis Cazeneuve. Although none of his newspaper strips succeeded, Fox deserves a place in the record books. Not only did he introduce the first comic book ripoff of Superman, but the first newspaper ripoffs as well.

The next superhero to grace newspaper pages was not a serious fellow at all. The creation of Gordon "Boody" Rogers, *Sparky Watts* made its debut in the spring of 1940. When we first meet Sparky he is working his way through college by selling magazine subscriptions. Exposure to a cosmic-ray machine made him the strongest man on Earth During his subsequent career he sabotaged Nazi submarines by tying knots in their periscopes defeated a fishfaced master villain known as the Shark, singlehandedly laid an oil pipeline from Texas to New York, discovered the only way of shaving his super beard (with a blowtorch), kidnapped Hitler right out of Germany (or so he thought), shrank down to the size of a speck when his cosmic-ray charge wore off, played professional baseball (he first had to overcome a tendency to throw the ball so high it would come down with ice on it), joined the Air Corps and then had trouble explaining why he wouldn't be needing a plane.

The regulars in *Sparky Watts* included Doc Static, inventor of the cosmic-ray machine which transformed Sparky (the machine looked suspiciously like an old box camera with a big lightbulb screwed in the top); Slap Happy, an ex-pug whose feet became immense after an accidental cosmic-ray treatment; and Yoo Hoo, a Chinese war orphan who shared the menage with them. There were also lots of pretty girls, all looking like your basic de-icer in the *Smilin' Jack* strip (which Rogers was ghosting at this same time). Sparky had many difficulties with women. Almost all of them fell in love with him, but due to his super strength he couldn't risk even kissing one without fear of breaking her jaw.

Comic strip heroes, much like people, most often die unexpectedly. Only rarely is there enough warning so that an Alfred Andriola can allow Charlie Chan to bid his readers a most cordial farewell or for a somewhat disgruntled Bob Lubbers to have his Robin Malone fall out of a penthouse. Boody Rogers was one of those who had advance warning that the end was approaching. He'd been

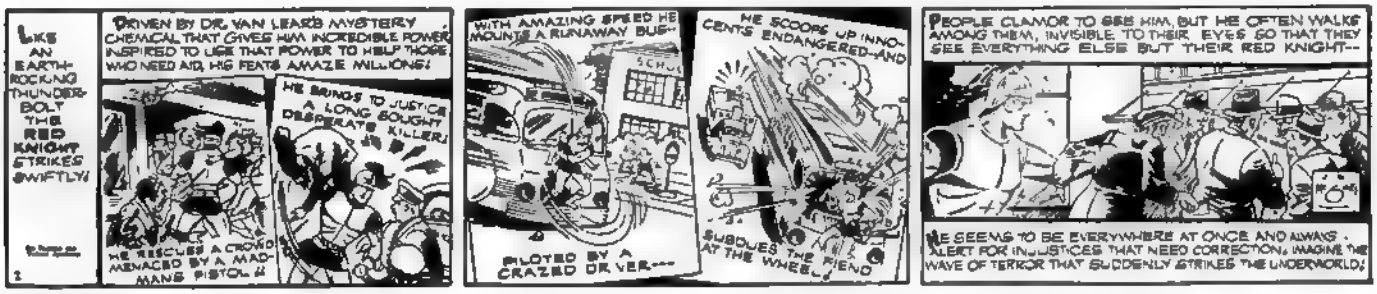
WHAT? YOU SAY YOU'RE FULL OF COSMIC RAYS AN' CAN'T BE KILLED!? IF YOU ASK ME, YOU'RE FULL OF BALONEY!
MAYBE - BUT IF YOU'LL SURRENDER YOU'LL SAVE YOURSELF LOTS OF TROUBLE -
-SO PUT DOWN YOUR GUN OR I'LL--
YOU'RE ASKIN' FOR IT!
OH-- STOP! STOP!
RATA TAT TAT RATA TAT TAT TAT TAT
-I GIVE UP-- YOU WIN-- I CAN'T STAND THOSE THINGS - I'M-- --HA-HAW-W-HA-HAW-HO-HA-- I'M TOO TICKLISH--
Boody Rogers


LET'S BUST TH' DOOR DOWN AN' GET OUTTA HERE BEFORE THAT SPARKY WATTS RETURNS FROM TOWN WITH TH' COPS!
WAIT TILL HE'S OUTTA HEARING DISTANCE WE'VE PLENTY OF TIME--IT'S TEN MILES TO TOWN!
SID, GIMME A TALL LEMONADE AND A' ICE PACK--I JUS' SAW A MAN CARRYING A HOUSE--TH' HEAT FINALLY GOT ME!!
HEAT, EH? DO YOU MEAN SUN OR CANNED?

drafted and the strip wasn't going to continue. So it was that in the spring of 1942 Sparky is trapped in a Nazi sub, the crew is wiped out and the sub is sinking and Sparky's super powers seem to have deserted him. As the water laps at his chin he says—pretty philosophically under the circumstances—"I always hoped I'd say something original at a time like this... but as another American once said, 'I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country.'" On that bleak day newspaper readers around the nation must've murmured, "Mother of Mercy, is this the end of Sparky Watts?" But those, like me, who were following his adventures only in reprints of the strip in *Big Shot Comics* had no such problems. In the December 1943 issue that fatal final panel was run but new material was tacked on. In the new sequence, drawn by Morris Weiss, Sparky survives and even gets his powers back. When Rogers came home from the wars in the middle 1940s, Sparky Watts was still alive and well. Rogers resumed drawing his adventures, turning out 27 new six-page episodes for *Big Shot*, along with six original-material issues of the *Sparky Watts* magazine. Although several comic book characters made the jump from magazine into newspaper, Sparky is the only one to do it the other way around. But then, he and his creator were always somewhat unconventional.

The only serious superhero to start from scratch in the newspapers was the Red Knight. The Knight, debuting in 1940 roughly a month after Sparky, was not a comic book retread nor were his creators funnybook veterans. They were John J. Welch and Jack W. McGuire, who'd been collaborating off and on throughout the '30s on an adventure strip called *Slim & Tubby* (it also ran under the titles *Flying to Fame* and *Bullet Benton* at various points in its shaky career). McGuire's drawing, forceful and possessed of a sloppy charm, could have fit into the eclectic comic book field of the time. He was one of the busiest cartoonists around. Besides doing his six *Red Knight* dailies, he taught art in a Texas high school and ghosted *Ella Cinders*. Like his comic-book peers, the Knight had a secret origin. "In his secret laboratory, secluded deep in a wood, Dr Van Lear is completing an incredible experiment that is destined to astound the whole world," explains Welch's first caption. Dr. Van Lear adds, "Finished! My scientific masterpiece! A man who through chemical process will become all powerful in body and mind! He shall be the Red Knight!" After charging the Knight with Plus Power, the doctor informs him, "There is much good you can do in this troubled world!" The Knight can perform all sorts of superhero tricks, even turn invisible, but there is a hitch. "Your weakness is that the Plus Power wears off—You must return frequently to be revitalized." The Red Knight turned out to have one other weakness, the public didn't take to him. The strip folded

**Boody Rogers's hero was not content with merely leaping over buildings. *Sparky Watts* was a delightful, zany, imaginative strip.**


LIKE AN EARTH-ROCKING THUNDERBOLT THE RED KNIGHT STRIKES SWIFTLY!
DRIVEN BY DR. VAN LEAR'S MYSTERY CHEMICAL THAT GIVES HIM INCREDIBLE POWER INSPIRED TO USE THAT POWER TO HELP THOSE WHO NEED AID, HIS FEATS AMAZE MILLIONS!
HE RESCUES A CROWD MENACED BY A MADMANS PISTOL!
HE BRINGS TO JUSTICE A LONG SOUGHT DESPERATE KILLER!
WITH AMAZING SPEED HE MOUNTS A RUNAWAY BUS--
PILOTED BY A CRAZED DRIVER---
HE SCOOPS UP INNOCENTS ENDANGERED--AND
SUBDUES THE FIEND AT THE WHEEL!
PEOPLE CLAMOR TO SEE HIM, BUT HE OFTEN WALKS AMONG THEM, INVISIBLE TO THEIR EYES SO THAT THEY SEE EVERYTHING ELSE BUT THEIR RED KNIGHT--
HE SEEMS TO BE EVERYWHERE AT ONCE AND ALWAYS ALERT FOR INJUSTICES THAT NEED CORRECTION, IMAGINE THE WAVE OF TERROR THAT SUDDENLY STRIKES THE UNDERWORLD!

THE STRONGEST STRAPS FAIL TO HOLD THE RED KNIGHT--AND IN WILD TERROR THOSE WHO TRIED TO CAPTURE HIM TURN TO FLEE--ALL SAVE ONE!
THE MAN'S A DEVIL! LET ME OUT OF HERE!
STOP! WE CAN'T LET HIM ESCAPE US NOW! COME BACK OR I'LL SHOOT!
THE RED KNIGHT CONFRONTS THEM IN THE COSTUME HE WEARS WHEN ADVENTURE CALLS--OR DANGER THREATENS!
GULP! HE--HES CHANGED--INTO--!
NEVER MIND THAT--WE'LL RUSH HIM--ALL TOGETHER!
FIRST--LET'S REMOVE THIS--SOMEONE MIGHT GET HURT!
HIS ARM SNAKES OUT AS IF MADE OF RUBBER--HE SEIZES THE PISTOL!
OKAY, BOYS! I'M ASKING WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT--WHAT YOU WANT WITH ME, AND WHAT IS YOUR GAME?

**Two peeks at exploits of *The Red Knight*—the only superhero created exclusively for the newspapers.**

TRAPPED IN A TOP STORY OFFICE WITH THE SEALED BOX, STOLEN BY A MURDERER, IN HIS POSSESSION, THE SHADOW CAN CLEAR HIMSELF ONLY BY FLIGHT WITH THE BOX
HE'S BUSTING THE SKYLIGHT
THIS IS THE WAY HE WENT...WE'LL GET HIM BEFORE HE GOES DOWN THROUGH THE DEPARTMENT STORE
BY LEADING PURSUERS ON A FALSE TRAIL WITH THE LADDER THE SHADOW LETS THE CHASE GO BY AND KEEPS THE SEALED BOX

**Top:** Vernon Greene provided the artwork for Walter Gibson's *Shadow*, also brought a solid sense of mood and composition to the fledgling genre. Unfortunately the *Shadow* strip was short-lived.

**Above:** *Miss Fury*, rather awkwardly drawn and reeking of kinkiness, characteristically mixing raw violence and prissy prose.

**Below:** *Wonder Woman*. It almost seems as if H.G Peter took it upon himself to apostrophate the first period of superhero newspaper strips.

abruptly in 1943.

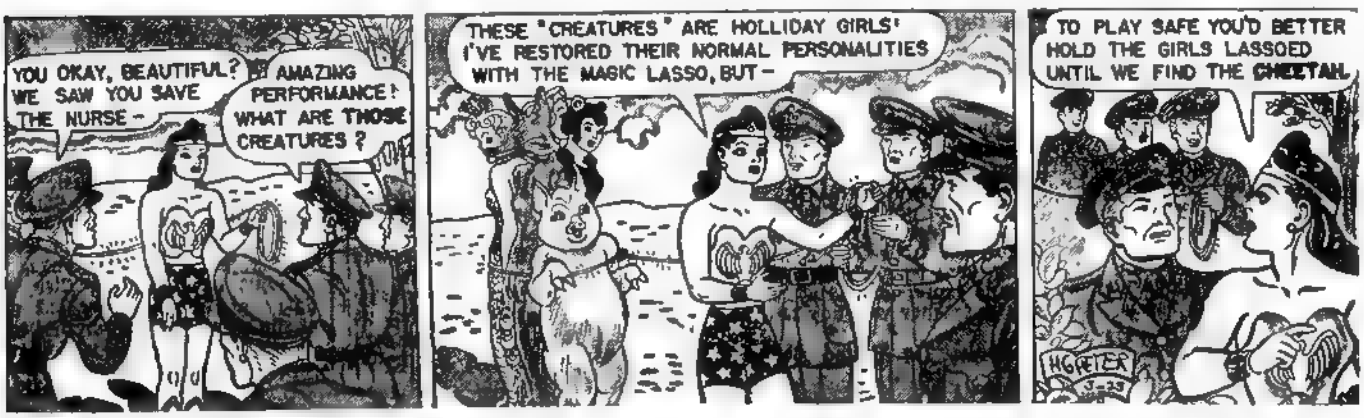
In 1940 yet another masked man showed up in the funnies. This was the Shadow, written by Walter Gibson (who as Maxwell Grant wrote almost all the *Shadow* pulp novels) and drawn by Vernon Greene. The Shadow, who now and then became invisible, had no other super powers to speak of. Closer to comic book superfolks, even though she had no miraculous powers, was Tarpe Mills s Miss Fury. This character, originally called Black Fury, debuted in a Sunday page that started in April of 1941. Miss Mills, a graduate of comic books, turned out a page that was filled with action and violence. In her first month of Sundays Miss Fury, after surviving an auto crash, claws a detective across the face, steps on his gun hand, kicks him in the face and then sees to it that a heavy almost goes through the windshield of a car By day she was lovely socialite Marla Drake, by night she slipped into a black leopard skin to fight crime. Besides the comic book trappings, there were quite a few of the traditional bondage elements in the feature —whips, branding irons, spike-heel shoes, men beating women, women tearing each other's clothes off, and a handsome selection of frilly lingerie.

Nineteen forty-one also saw the arrival of a daily newspaper strip featuring Will Eisner s Spirit (who'd been appearing in his own Sunday section comic book for over a year). Although he looked a bit like a comic-book hero, the Spirit was more a private eye with a mask.

Batman, a comic book star since 1939, didn't reach newspapers until 1943, also distributed by McClure. Bob Kane did some of the work on the strip, but Dick Sprang and Jack Burnley also lent a hand on the drawing. The strip continuities were more sedate than the comic book yarns and in some sequences Bruce Wayne played detective in civvies and never even bothered to slip into his Batman costume.

The only true superlady to grace the newspapers was Wonder Woman, who got there in the early 1940s. While the strip was the same daffy blend of domination-by-women fantasies, cockeyed mythology, dippy villainies and whips and boots fetishism as the comic book version, it failed to find an audience and soon vanished.

By the time the Second World War ended, superheroes were no longer as popular in comic books as they had been a few years earlier and in newspaper they had, with the exception of *Superman* all but disappeared. As with many postwar readjustments, perhaps it was the newspapers' version of a return to normalcy. n


YOU OKAY, BEAUTIFUL? WE SAW YOU SAVE THE NURSE -
AMAZING PERFORMANCE! WHAT ARE THOSE CREATURES ?
THESE "CREATURES" ARE HOLLIDAY GIRLS! I'VE RESTORED THEIR NORMAL PERSONALITIES WITH THE MAGIC LASSO, BUT -
TO PLAY SAFE YOU'D BETTER HOLD THE GIRLS LASSOED UNTIL WE FIND THE CHEETAH.
H.G.PETER

# Waiting for a Boat to Civilization:

## Caniff's Great Pirate Episode Concludes

The story thus far, continued from **NEMO** #1: Terry Lee, with his companions Connie and Big Stoop, has just learned of the whereabouts of Pat Ryan, their older pal from whom they have been separated.

Ryan has been making his way through war-torn China, with Pirates like the engaging Britisher Captain Blaze, who has just eluded capture by the authorities, and the deadly enemy pirates—locals who are consorting with the unnamed Japanese invaders, or merely plunder in war's wake. Ryan, traveling with the winsome young April Kane (who has a crush on him) has found himself the protective father-figure to a band of Chinese war orphans; their real provider and protector is the blonde American Raven Sherman.

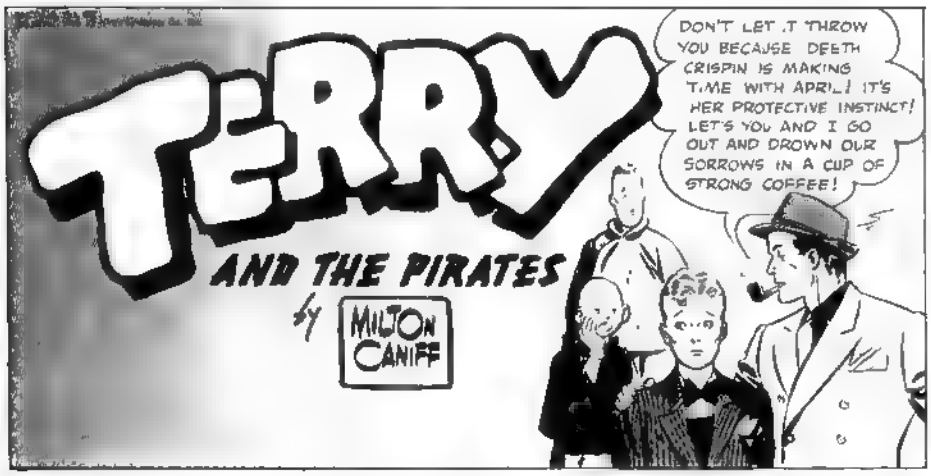
Raven is resourceful, independent, and fiercely devoted to her "children." After surviving pirate raids on their food supplies and a dangerous bout with cholera, the rag-tag band has, in the words of Raven, caught "a boat to civilization." At port, Ryan has learned that Raven is a wealthy heiress, in China because of a desire to do worthwhile work in the world.

But the problems for Ryan and Raven, and Terry, are not over. This classic pre-war *Terry* episode by Caniff is notable for its mature art (the fine hand of Noel Sickles is evident), superlative plotting and dialogue, and exquisite characterizations; you will meet some players who are real and endearing .. and some whom you will be glad to remember that they are only paper creations. Our story continues with the Sunday episode of June 16, 1940.

—REM

TERRY
AND THE PIRATES
by
MILTON CANIFF
APRIL KANE, YOU'RE A NASTY LI'L OL' SNOOT FOR BEIN' SO MEAN T' MISS RAVEN SHERMAN! .AFTER ALL TH'SN PPITY THINGS I SAID TO HER SHE HAS ME SENT TO THIS CHARMIN' HOSPITAL T' GET WELL!...
YOU SAY THE NEW PAT ENT IS AN ATTRACTIVE YOUNG PERSON? A GIRL ?
OH QUITE, MR CRISPIN BUT YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO MEET HER LATER ..IF I MAY SAY SO, SIR, THIS - AH - NTEREST IN THE YOUNG WOMAN IS A VERY GOOD SIGN THAT YOU ARE RECOVERING RAPIDLY!
SO YOU'RE A BIG STOCK AND COUPON GAL!... I GUESS YOU WON'T BE NEEDING ME NOW THAT WE'RE BACK WHERE MONEY PLAYS A TUNE YOU CAN DANCE TO...
PLEASE DON'T LET IT SCARE YOU AWAY... .T'S NO FAULT OF MINE I'M RICH! YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN I KNOW WHO ISN'T AFTER MY CHECKBOOK . I'M THE ONE WHO'S IN A SPOT THIS TIME!
YOU'LL GET ALONG, BABE!... I'VE GOT SOME PALS WHO'LL SEE THOSE STORIES IN THE PAPERS AND THINK I'M PASSING MYSELF OFF AS A CH.NESE ORPHAN - TO GET ON YOUR GRAVY LIST!
I UNDERSTAND HOW YOU FEEL... I'D LIKE TO HAVE YOU AROUND TO BOUNCE THE MOB OF SHARKS WHO HAUNT ANYONE WITH MONEY! ...AT LEAST HAVE LUNCH WITH ME HERE IN MY SUITE. . I'M NOT PRETTY ENOUGH TO COMPROMISE YOU!
MISSY SHERMAN HAVING LUNCH WITH FRIEND IN SUITE . SHE LEAVE ORDERS NO CALLS OR DISTURBANCES. SOLLY!
NO WONDER PAT D.DN'T CALL US!... THAT RICH WOMAN HAS H M IN HER CLUTCHES!. I'VE SEEN IT HAPPEN IN MOVIES... WE GOTTA RESCUE HIM!
IS SO!.. CONNIE GOT BLAIN BUMP
YOU'RE A GENIUS, CONNIE! IT COST US A TIP TO FIND OUT WHICH IS THAT RICH GAL'S SUITE... BUT IT'S WORTH IT!
SHUSHES! COMES WAIT-ON BOYS NOW! CHOP-CHOP!
COME IN!
OH, LUNCH! YOU MAY SERVE IT BY THE OTHER WINDOW .. ....AS I WAS SAY NG, RYAN, I NEED YOU NOW- MORE THAN--
WHDTH WLDIS!
RUN, PAT! - WE GOT HERE JUST IN TIME! SHE WAS SAYIN' HOW MUCH SHE NEEDS YOU! YOU'RE SAVED!!
6/6
collection Peter Maresca

TERRY
AND THE PIRATES
by MILTON CANIFF
.. SO, YOU SEE, YOU WERE A BIT PREVIOUS IN THINKING RAVEN SHERMAN HAD DESIGNS ON ME! I'M BACK AGAIN... AND YOU, SONNY BOY, HAD BETTER GET OUT TO THAT HOSPITAL AND MAKE YOUR MANNERS TO APRIL KANE... BEFORE SHE WRITES YOU OFF AS A MEMORY!
HOTSY DING-DING! PAT'S BACK AT THE CLUB AND APRIL JUST ACH.N' TO SEE ME AGA.N! I DON'T CARE IF THAT RICH SHERMAN GAL DID TH.NK I WAS A FRESH KID.... I'M RIDIN' HIGH!
HEY THIS S THE SAME HOSPITAL DEETH CRISPINS BEEN N SINCE WE GOT BACK FROM THE WAR ZONE!
WOULD YOU TELL MISS APRIL KANE THAT TERRY LEE IS HERE TO SEE HER, PLEASE, MA'AM?
WHY..AH..MISS KANE WILL NOT BE ABLE TO SEE YOU JUST NOW... SHE HAS HAD A. AH. RECURRENCE OF AN OLD WEAKNESS... SORRY!
BZZ-ZZ BZZZ BZ-ZZ
MEANWHILE ...
WHAT AM I THINKING?... WHY SHOULD I BE ANGRY BECAUSE THAT RYAN MAN PREFERS HIS PALS' COMPANY TO MINE?... I'M ACTING LIKE A SCHOOLGIRL.. IT MUST BE THE LETDOWN FROM ALL THE EXCITEMENT!... DESK, PLEASE... DESK? THIS IS MISS SHERMAN IN A2! PLEASE SEND UP MY MAIL!
MUCH MAIL AN CABLES, MISSY SHERMAN! YOU MEBBE LIKE NEWSPAPERS, ALSO? WILL HAVE BOY STOP AT NEWSSTAND ON WAY!... A2, YES MISSY! VELLY SOON
A NOTEBOOK AND PENCIL! QUICKLY!
FLOOR "A"! CHOP CHOP
3 MINUTES LATER
BOY! I AM MISSY SHERMAN'S SECRETARY: IF THAT IS THE MAIL SHE CALLED FOR, I WILL TAKE IT! HERE YOU ARE!
YES·
YOUR MAIL AND PAPERS, MISS SHERMAN! THE MANAGEMENT REASONED THAT YOU MIGHT DESIRE THE ASSISTANCE OF A SECRETARY, DUE TO THE AMOUNT OF CORRESPONDENCE! I AM AT YOUR SERVICE!
HOW VERY THOUGHTFUL! YES, COME IN, I WILL WANT TO DICTATE SOME THINGS!
I'M GLAD YOU CAME... YOU SHOULD BE A HELP!
THANK YOU, MISS SHERMAN! I HOPE MY PRESENCE WILL PROVE OF GREAT VALUE!
6-28

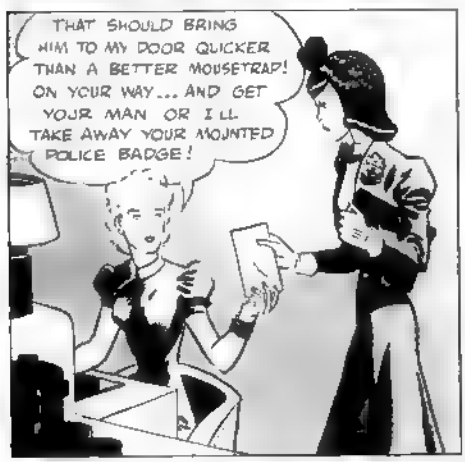

TERRY
AND THE PIRATES
by MILTON CANIFF
DON'T LET .T THROW YOU BECAUSE DEETH CRISPIN IS MAKING T.ME WITH APRIL! IT'S HER PROTECTIVE INSTINCT! LET'S YOU AND I GO OUT AND DROWN OUR SORROWS IN A CUP OF STRONG COFFEE!

MEANWHILE.....
YOU'VE WORKED FOR ME BUT A SHORT TIME - YET YOU'VE HAD THE COURAGE TO PO NT OUT WHAT NO ONE HAS DARED MENTION.... THAT I FRIGHTEN PEOPLE AWAY BY BEING SO SE..F-RELIANT!
THE MIRROR DOES NOT LIE M SS SHERMAN . YOU ARE SOFTLY FEM NINE WHEN YOU ALLOW YOURSELF TO BE!

BY WHICH YOU MEAN THAT IF I ACT LIKE A HOTHOUSE ORCHID INSTEAD OF A WORK GANG FOREMAN, I'LL BE ATTRACTIVE TO THAT BIG BUM, PAT RYAN!... ALL RIGHT— I'LL ADMIT I'M LONELY FOR HIM, AND JEALOUS OF THAT KID, TERRY LEE!... SILLY AS IT SOUNDS!
THEN DAZZLE HIM, MISS! BEAUTY DOES NOT ENSNARE MEN..BUT IT ENABLES MEN TO ENSNARE THEMSELVES!

STRANGE THAT I SHOULD BE TAKING ADVICE FROM A CHINESE SECRETARY. ..YOU SAY YOUR NAME IS "HU SHEE"? ... THAT'S TOO GOOD! I THINK YOU RE PULLING MY LEG!
OH NO! MY CHINESE NAME IS TOO LONG TO REMEMBER ..AT COLLEGE IN YOUR COUNTRY THE STUDENTS GAVE ME THAT AMUSING NICKNAME!

F I M TO PARADE MY FATAL BEE-YOUTEE BEFORE RYAN, I D BETTER CALL . . . AND LURE H.M TO MY WEB FOR DINNER!
WOULD IT NOT BE MORE ROMANTIC IF I WERE TO CARRY A NOTE TO HIM AN NTRIGUING MISSIVE . FRAGRANT WTH SUBTLE PERFUME?


THAT SHOULD BRING HIM TO MY DOOR QUICKER THAN A BETTER MOUSETRAP! ON YOUR WAY... AND GET YOUR MAN OR I LL TAKE AWAY YOUR MOUNTED POLICE BADGE!

MAY I HAVE THE HONOR OF SPEAKING WITH MR. PATRICK RYAN?
OH. MIST' PATLICK NOT THIS PLACE... YOU MEBBE .... COME WAIT ♥♥ PLEASE?

I AM MISS RAVEN SHERMAN'S SECRETARY!
OOOOH .. THAT NICE' ♥ ME ♥ CONNIE!.. NUMBER ONE BOY FOR MIST' PATLICK AN' MIST' TERRY LEE! ♥♥♥ YOU KETCHUM TEA, MEBBE?

I AM CALLED HU SHEE BY MY FRIENDS!
IS MEAN HU SHEE LIKE TO BE FLIENDS WITH CONNIE? ♥♥♥

THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I MEANT! OH — THE TEA!
OOOH - MESSY ME!... CONNIE FIX! ♡♡♡

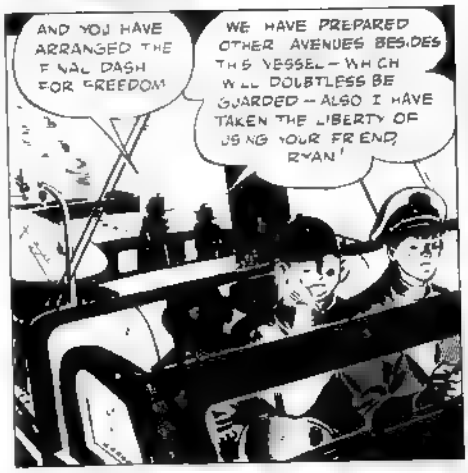
6-30
HU SHEE! HU SHEE! HU SHEE! HU SHEE!

TERRY
AND THE PIRATES
by
MILTON CANIFF
EVEN I AM NOT SO SELFISH THAT I WOULD DENY HONGKONG A LOOK AT A HANDSOME WENCH LIKE YOU!
DON'T BLARNEY ME YOU NICE BUM! YOU'RE JUST SCARED TO HAVE DINNER ALONE WITH ME — YOU'RE AFRAID I'VE GONE SOFT AND FALLEN IN LOVE WITH YOU!
WHEN I GET THAT FOOL SH, I'LL BE RIPE FOR THE SLIPPERS AND FIREPLACE! WILL YOU PARDON ME WHILE I MAKE A PHONE CALL?
HOTEL SIR FRANCIS? ... I AM CALLING FOR MISS RAVEN SHERMAN . SHE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW IF YOU HAVE ANOTHER SECRETARY ON YOUR STAFF AS EFFICIENT AS THE ONE YOU SENT HER BEFORE! SHE NEEDS TWO!
VELLY SOLLY! RECORD DO NOT SHOW THAT WE SENT ANY SECLETELLY TO MISSY SHERMAN! PERHAPS IS SOME MISTAKE, PLEASE?
.. OH, YES . PROBABLY SHE WAS HIRED OUTSIDE THE HOTEL! LET IT GO! GOODBYE!
OH-HO!
OH!
NOT BE FLIGHTENED, MISSY HU SHEE! YOU BOSS AN' ME BOSS GO DANCE-FANCY .. CONNIE COME MAKE HOW DO AT YOU!... IS POSIES!
HOW VERY THOUGHTFUL! IT IS CHARMING TO BE COURTED IN THE MANNER OF THE WESTERN PEOPLE!
COURTED?
WHY, YES! AREN'T YOU 'COURTING' ME . AS THE LOVERS DO IN THE BOOKS AND MOTION PICTURES?
LOVERS?
OF COURSE! YOU KNOW HOW IMPULSIVE THE OCCIDENTALS ARE! WE CHINESE USUALLY WAIT YEARS TO SPEAK OF LOVE BUT THEY ARE LIKELY TO BE KISSING AN HOUR AFTER THEY MEET!
KISSIN'?
GEE HOW I'D LIKE TO SEE THAT OLD GANG OF MINE.

TERRY
AND THE PIRATES
by
MILTON CANIFF
BIG STOOP AND I FOLLOWED YOU BECAUSE WE THOUGHT YOU MIGHT NEED HELP! ... I DIDN'T KNOW WE'D BE GETTIN' INTO A MOTHER GOOSE MYSTERY!
LET'S GET THIS STRAIGHT I CAME BACK TO RAVEN'S HOTEL... THE DESK SAID SHE HAD GONE OUT AT DAWN WITH THAT HU SHEE GAL AND A BIG BEARED CHINESE
WHICH MUST HAVE BEEN CONNEE... HE'D NO MORE DO ANYTHING AS THEE DEMANDED
RIGHT! WE REASONED THAT HU SHEE IS AFTER RAVEN'S MONEY. WE WENT TO THE BANK TO LEARN IF RAVEN HAD BEEN THERE.. SHE HAD — PRESUMABLY TO WITHDRAW A LARGE SUM
BUT INSTEAD OF HITTING THEIR TRAIL, YOU RECEIVE A NOTE LEFT FOR YOU BY HU SHEE
.. AND THE NOTE READS .. 'HICKORY, DICKORY, DOCK! THE MOUSE RAN UP THE CLOCK; THE CLOCK STRUCK ONE. AND DOWN HE RUN, HICKORY, DICKORY, DOCK!
.. IT'S OBVIOUSLY A COME-ON!... BUT WHAT?
GOTTA HUNCH PAT. THE ONLY PLACE WE ALL KNOW IS RAVEN'S HOTEL SUITE— MAYBE THIS STEERS US TO SOMETHING THERE!
IT MUST BE SO. LET'S GET TO THAT HOTEL AND RIP IT WIDE OPEN!
YEAH THE POLICE WOULD THINK WE'RE BATTY IF WE TOOK THAT JINGLE TO THEM.
... IS MOST IRREGULAR!
STICK AROUND — WE'RE NOT GOING TO STEAL ANYTHING! MISS SHERMAN MAY BE IN DANGER .. YOU'VE SEEN ME HERE ENOUGH TO KNOW I'M HER FRIEND!
LOOK FOR ANYTHING THAT MIGHT FIT THAT RHYME... HICKORY FURNITURE — PICTURES OF DOCKS — MOUSE TRAPS — CLOCKS — BOOKS ON STRIKES .... ANYTHING!
DON'T LOOK SO GLOOMY! WE'LL PAY FOR WHAT WE BREAK!
SOME TIME LATER...
... BOY! I'VE DUG THROUGH CLOTHES TILL I'M WRAP-HAPPY! NOT A CLUE!
WE MUST BE SUPPOSIN — THERE HAS TO BE ONE! AND THAT CLOCK KEEPS KNOCKING US... HEY!
WHAT'S COOKIN'?
THAT CLOCK... IT HAS A LITTLE CHIME... THE JINGLE SAYS "THE CLOCK STRUCK ONE..." IT'S 12:59 NOW! HU SHEE KNEW WE'D COME HERE... AND BE WATCHING THE TIME — BECAUSE WE'D BE FUMING AT THE DELAY!
47·59
SEE... THE NUMBERS ARE CHANGING... IT'S STRIKING!
7-21
Had to
you would
you do
Come to Terrible
Clock
Hu Shee

TERRY
AND THE PIRATES
by MILTON CANIFF
YOU SEEM PREOCCUPIED, MISS SHERMAN. DO YOU REGRET YOUR DECISION TO ASSIST IN MY PLAN?
...NO, HU SHEE!

I ADMIRE YOUR COURAGE .. I WAS THINKING OVER EACH DETAIL! ARE YOU CERTAIN YOU CAN TRUST EVERY PERSON IN ON YOUR SCHEME?
WE HAVE BEEN MONTHS PLANNING IT . OUR ONE NEED WAS SUCH A PERSON AS YOU. . WITH WEALTH POSITION AND SYMPATHY FOR OUR CAUSE!


AND YOU HAVE ARRANGED THE FINAL DASH FOR FREEDOM
WE HAVE PREPARED OTHER AVENUES BESIDES THIS VESSEL — WHICH WILL DOUBTLESS BE GUARDED — ALSO I HAVE TAKEN THE LIBERTY OF USING YOUR FRIEND RYAN!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
..RYAN, HIS FRIEND, TERRY LEE AND THE GIANT ARE OUR TRUMP CARDS! THEY WOULD HAVE STOPPED YOU IF THEY HAD KNOWN OF THIS ENTERPRISE... I LEFT A MESSAGE DIRECTING THEM TO FOLLOW US! IF I AM ABLE TO JUDGE MEN, I THINK THEY WILL BE NEAR WHEN WE NEED THEM!

AT HONGKONG'S KAI TAK AIRPORT
KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED, BIG STOOP ...PAT'S TALKIN TO DUDE HENNICK A PILOT FRIEND OF HIS!

BUT LISTEN DUDE THEY WON'T LET US CHARTER A PRIVATE PLANE BECAUSE OF THE WAR WE'VE GOT TO GET TO TEMPLE ROCK AND SAVE THE HIDES OF A COUPLE OF FRENDS OF OURS!
TEMPLE ROCK?. THAT'S A PRISON BEHIND THE INVADER LINES! YOUSE IS NUTS UNCLE PATRICK! YOU'D HAVE TO DROP OUT OF A PLANE IN PARACHUTES!

THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO!
GO 'WAY, YOU BAD MAN! ... DIDN'T I TELL YOU I'M JUST ABOUT TO CLIMB ON THAT CLIPPER, TO GET BACK TO THE UNITED STATES BEFORE HOLLYWOOD RUNS OUT OF PRETTY GALS? I'VE BEEN TRAIN'N CHINESE PILOTS AND I WANTA COUNT CHICKENS — BEFORE I'M SCRATCHED!

... BETTER NOT HANG AROUND WITH THIS BLARNEY-BOY, SONNY! HE TALKED ME INTO CALLIN' A PASS FROM BEHIND OUR GOAL LINE ONCE! I THREW IT, HE RAN FOR A SCORE WITHOUT BEIN TOUCHED BUT I GOT A BUSTED LEG IN THE PILE-UP!
BUT GEE MR. HENNICK ..

THIS IS NOT JUST A STUNT THERE AN AMERICAN GIRL AT TEMPLE ROCK SHE'S IN A DANGEROUS SPOT
OH BUT THINK OF THE THOUSANDS OF AMERICAN GALS IN THE U.S. WHO ARE IN DANGER OF NEVER MEETIN OL' DUDE KEEP YOUR HALVES GROUND GENTS. I'M BREEZIN!

JUST AS WELL DUDE WAS A GOOD FLIER ONCE! I DOUBT IF HE COULD EVER FIND TEMPLE ROCK EVEN IF WE HAD A SHIP! PROBABLY LOST HIS NERVE.

YOU CAN'T SAY THAT ABOUT ME YOU SHANTY IRISH GROUND-PILOT . I'LL GET A PLANE AND I'LL PUT YOU DOWN ON THAT TEMPLE ROCK SO NEATLY YOU'LL LOOK LIKE PART OF THE SCENERY! NOBODY CAN DISH OUT THAT KIND OF .. ...

TERRY
AND THE PIRATES
by MILTON CANIFF
I STILL DON'T SEE HOW DUDE HENNICK GOT A PLANE TO TAKE US TO TEMPLE ROCK WITH ALL THE WAR RESTRICTIONS!
MEMORY DOES T TERRY! DUDE KNEW A RICH OLD GENT WHO SKIPPED OUT OF THE WAR ZONE WITH A PILE OF MAZUMA....NOT ALL OF IT EXACTLY HIS THE OLD BOY HAS BEEN SAVING THIS SHIP TO ESCAPE IN IF THEY EVER CATCH UP WITH HIM! KNOWING ALL THIS DUDE HAD LITTLE TROUBLE BORROWING THE CRATE
I'M READY IF YOU ARE?.. WHY DO I HAVE TO KNOW ALL THE CRAZY PEOPLE IN THE WORLD? RYAN YOU'RE A TROJAN HORSE'S NECK
DON'T FEED ME THAT! YOU LIKE A TOUGH ASSIGNMENT AS WELL AS ANYONE!
WHEN THE BRITISH ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUYS SEE US THEY'LL OPEN UP. THE INVADER PURSUIT BOYS WILL SOON BE ON OUR TAIL.. THERE ARE HIGH-TENSION WIRES AT THE END OF THIS GARDEN PATH WE'RE TAKING OFF FROM.. OTHERWISE EVERYTHING LOOKS GREAT...
GET SNOOTY YOU OLD KITE... NOSE UP! UP! UP!
I ALWAYS SAY, THERE'S NOTHING LIKE HAVING A SEVEN-FOOT CHINAMAN HANDY WHEN YOU NEED TO SHIFT BALLAST! . PATRICK DID YOU EVER HEAR THE ONE ABOUT THE WOMAN GLASSBLOWER
SHUT UP! I'M BUSY GETTING MY STOMACH AWAY FROM MY TONSILS
MEANWHILE.
WE DARE NOT BRING THE MOTOR LAUNCH NEARER TEMPLE ROCK. THE SMALL CRAFT WILL CARRY US IN.
YOU HAVE THE MONEY MISS SHERMAN?
INDEED!... I ONLY HOPE YOUR PLANS ARE AS FIRM AS YOUR CONFIDENCE, HU SHEE!
HAVE NO FEAR, MISS! WITH YOU AND YOUR WEALTH – NOTHING CAN STOP US!
8-4

T'R.R.Y
AND THE PIRATES
by
MILTON CANIFF
DID YOU GET THAT?... A FLASHLIGHT SPELLED OUT "HU SHEE" IN MORSE CODE! THIS IS IT!
ACCORDING TO THE RELIEF MAP TEMPLE ROCK IS A FLAT ROUGH TABLE OF LAND! REMEMBER OUR PLAN DUDE. SO LONG!
I'LL CUT N THE MOTOR AS SOON AS YOU BAIL. HERE'S LUCK!
CONVERGE ON THAT LIGHTED AREA! THESE PEOPLE WON'T EXPECT A PARACHUTE ATTACK! I'LL GO FIRST!
OH I AM THE UNHAPPY ONE! I THOUGHT THE DELICATE ROSE CAME HERE TO BE MY LITTLE WIFE!
YOU ARE AS GREAT A FOOL AS WHEN YOU WERE A PETTY POLITICIAN IN OUR NATIVE VILLAGE!
YOU TOLD THE GUARDS YOU WERE HERE TO MARRY ME I COULD HAVE YOU SHOT! I AM POWERFUL NOW!
I KNOW!.. WHEN THE INVADER ENTERED CHINA YOU LICKED HIS BOOTS! AS A REWARD YOU WERE MADE PUPPET HEAD OF THIS PRISON TOWN! I HOPE YOU ENJOY YOUR CHEESE YOU RAT!
JUST BECAUSE I ONCE ASKED YOU TO MARRY ME, YOU CANNOT SPEAK SO! I WILL EXPOSE..
WAIT! WE HAVE HERE THE IMAGE OF THE ONLY GOD YOU WORSHIP! SEE!
MONEY!
AMER CAN MONEY!
... BUT THESE ARE ONLY HALVES OF BILLS!
RIGHT! THERE'S A LEADER OF THE CHINESE PEOPLE IN PRISON HERE. THIS MONEY IS YOURS IF YOU ARRANGE AN ESCAPE! IF WE ALL RETURN TO HONGKONG SAFELY THE OTHER HALVES WILL BE SENT YOU!
BUT HOW DO I KNOW YOU WILL NOT CHEAT ME AND FAIL TO SEND THE OTHER HALVES?
THE HONGKONG PARTS OF THE BILLS ARE OF NO VALUE WITHOUT THESE! YOU CAN'T LOSE!
BUT IF THE INVADERS DISCOVER THE PLOT I WILL BE BOILED IN OIL!
IF YOU FAIL TO DO IT, THE GHOSTS OF ALL THE ANCIENT WARRIORS OF CHINA WILL DESCEND TO HAUNT YOU!
8-11

TERRY
AND THE PIRATES
by
MILTON CANIFF
YOU KNOW NOW THAT THIS IS A MAD ENTERPRISE, DON'T YOU, RAVEN?
I'M BEGINNING TO THINK YOU'RE RIGHT!
HU SHEE SOLD ME ON COMING HERE TO HELP GET A CHINESE LEADER OUT OF PRISON... SHE ARRANGED FOR YOU TO FOLLOW -TO ASSIST ME IF WE GOT STRANDED SHE BRIBED THE PUPPET HEAD OF THE TOWN — AND MANAGED TO GET YOU THREE HIDDEN FROM THE INVADER... BUT WHAT NOW?
YOU SAY YOU WERE TO TAKE THIS ESCAPED PRISONER AWAY ON THAT BOAT IN THE NET?
YES. THE INVADERS THINK HU SHEE IS THE PUPPET GOVERNORS FUTURE WIFE - HERE ON A VISIT WITH ME AS HER CHAPERON, AND CONNIE AS HER SERVANT. WE WERE TO LEAVE AS IF THE VISIT WERE ENDED .. WITH YOU AND THE ESCAPED PRISONER STOWED AWAY!
NOW YOU SEE HOW WEAK THAT PLAN IS! HU SHEE IS UP TO SOMETHING FAR MORE DARING, WE'LL SEE!
MEANWHILE...
BUT I WILL BE SHOT WHEN THE PLOT IS DISCOVERED!
THERE WILL BE NO ALARM! BUT IF OUR EXPEDITION FAILS TO RETURN TO HONGKONG, YOU WILL NOT RECEIVE THE OTHER HALVES OF THE BRIBE BILLS! NOW GET THE KEYS AND LET ME INTO THE PRISON! I MUST SPEAK WITH MY FRIEND!
OH, WHY AM I DOING THIS?
FOR MONEY OF COURSE YOU PIG. WAIT HERE FOR ME IF YOU FAIL NOW, WE WILL ALL DIE!
OH, GRACIOUS ONE, WE WHO HAVE PLANNED FROM THE INSIDE WERE AFRAID THE GREAT SCHEME HAD FAILED!
I HAD TO GET MONEY AND TRANSPORTATION AND BRIBE THE TRAITOR! SINCE YOU ARE A "TRUSTY" AS THEY SAY IN AMERICA LEAD ME TO THE CELL! I HAVE THE KEY!
HURRY! THE GUARDS WILL MAKE THE ROUNDS SOON! I WILL WATCH!
MASTER, I HAVE COME!
EACH TIME THE INVADERS FORCED OPIUM UPON THE MASTER, WE ADMINISTERED THE APOMORPHINE AND POTASSIUM PERMANGANATE YOU SMUGGLED TO US! THERE HAS BEEN NO LOSS OF STRENGTH!
GOOD! ..HERE ARE THE SCISSORS FOR YOUR HAIR, MASTER! CAREFUL!...THERE IS A SMALL PISTOL IN THE JACKET!
HASTE! THERE IS LITTLE TIME
THE TRAITOR GOVERNOR IS AT THE GATE! THE AMERICANS WAIT, AS I EXPLAINED: THE BOAT IS READY TO MOVE! MAY GOOD FORTUNE FOLLOW EACH STEP!
I THOUGHT YOU WOULD NEVER COME! ... YOU HAVE TALKED WITH THE PRISONER, HOW WILL YOU ATTEMPT THE ESCAPE — AND WHEN?
8-18
BY THIS MEANS, AND NOW! LEAD ME TO THE AMERICANS — AND REMEMBER, YOU ARE DEALING WITH THE DRAGON LADY NOW!

# Max, Maurice, and Willie

## The Saga of a Little Yellow Book

**William Randolph Hearst loved a German funny book as a child. When he grew up, he got a newspaper as a toy. Here's what happened when everything came together...**

Collection of Rick Marschall

by Bill Blackbeard

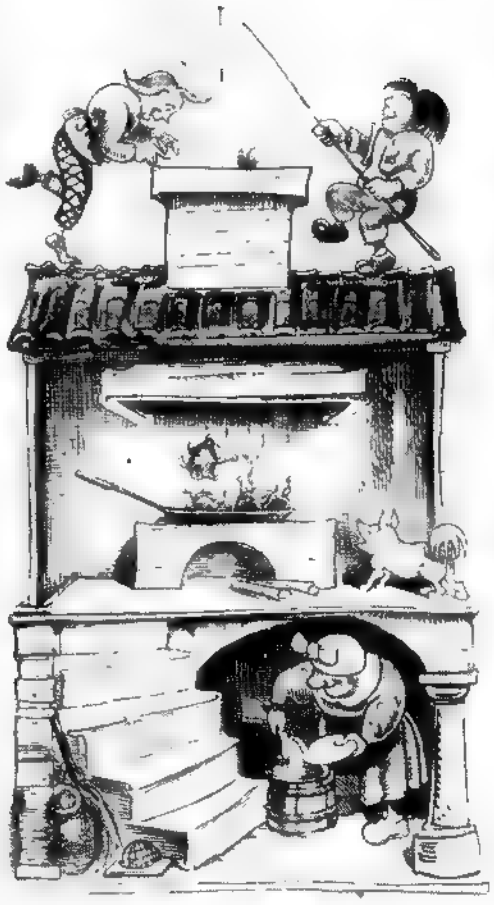
The cracked, well-read book was the size of a box of colored pencils, bright yellow, its 56-dog-eared pages bustling with marvellously engaging comic pictures of two devilish kids playing endless pranks on adults. Young Willie Hearst, Chestnut Street heir to millions and future newspaper king of North America, loved it. He had played plenty of pranks of his own—releasing a mechanical mouse among the skirted feet of his mother's visiting friends was often ruefully recounted at silver magnate George Hearst's big house—and he relished the efforts of others, particularly in well-drawn cartoons

In the sunny, sweet-aired San Francisco of the 1870s, Wilhelm Busch's *Max and Maurice* was a great book for any well-off kid's summer hammock pleasure, but for Willie Hearst, the cherished volume was much more than that. It was epic slapstick of a kind rarely seen in the children's cartoon-story books he avidly collected, and only a very few—such works as Ernest Griset's wildy fanciful *Hatchet Throwers* of 1866, or Richard Barham's Cruikshank-illustrated *Ingoldsby Legends* of 1870, with its delicious array of comic horrors—could approach it for unbridled pictorial sensationalism. Long considered a classic work in Germany, where it has never gone out of print since its original publication in 1865, its excellence as graphic humor was perceived at once by the young Hearst, who even as a child was already sharpening the remarkable eye for visual comedy that was to lead him, in a quarter century, to the indirect invention of this country's only wholly indigenous art form, the newspaper comic strip.

The boy in the big house on Chestnut Street had little ability to draw comic pictures himself, but he gravitated naturally to the staff of the *Harvard Lampoon* during his university days; here his rather unsuspected managerial sense suddenly emerged when he took on the task, as business manager, of saving the nearly defunct magazine from the yawning jaws of an apparently hopeless deficit. His success in greatly broadening the publication's circulation base endeared him to its roistering crew of editors and writers, and before long he was writing comic verse for the *Lampoon*, as well as supplying ideas for articles and cartoons. Among the close friends he made there were Frank "Cozy" Noble, a comic writer and artist of promise, and E.L. "Phinney" Thayer, who was later to write his classic "Casey at the Bat" for Hearst's San Francisco *Examiner*. While Willie was at Harvard, however, the *Examiner* he was soon to own and edit still belonged to his father. It was a rather mangy and financially skittish property the elder Hearst had purchased to further his political ends in the city and in California. But it was in a letter to his mother crowing over his happy success in righting the *Lampoon*'s foundering craft that Willie Hearst wrote his first known reference to a substantial interest in his father's paper. "Show this (letter) to Papa," he scribbled in a postscript, "and tell him just to wait until Gene and I get hold of the old *Examiner* and run her in the same way." (Gene was Eugene Lent, a San Francisco boyhood friend and a close crony on the *Lampoon*, who did in fact join Willie on the *Examiner*, as did Cozy Noble and, of course, Phinney Thayer.)

While Hearst was working on the *Lampoon* in the mid-'80s, a desk was piled daily with incoming newspapers from a number of cities, and he noted with interest and dawning ambition the growing use of cartoons in certain New York daily newspapers. This was notable in the notorious New York *World* of Joseph Pulitzer, whose calculated sensationalism had given his paper a considerable edge in circulation over the rest of the New York press. To Hearst, working with cartoons and news stories on a daily basis—a small taste of which he had gotten with his activities on the *Lampoon*

**Above: Young William Randolph Hearst, when he was on the staff of *The Harvard Lampoon* humor magazine.**



Collection of Rick Marschall

—seemed the most exciting thing he could imagine. And there was, after all, that almost derelict political sheet of his father's...

But the boy who had grown up with his prized *Max and Maurice* always at hand could not keep away from pranks. He was not to take control of his father's newspaper, as he must have imagined when he joshed his mother about his plans for the *Examiner*, with a Harvard sheepskin under one arm. Rather than graduating with a tilted mortarboard and a hearty handshake from the president, Willie Hearst managed to parlay his increasingly wild campus antics into expulsion from the university in the Christmas month of his junior year. Harvard's reaction was understandable, a student who led a donkey into an instructor's office with a sign around its neck reading, "Now there are two of you," or who had gift-wrapped chamberpots delivered to a number of Harvard faculty on Christmas morning, was clearly not overly devoted to study. As it turned out, being expelled from Harvard was the best possible Christmas present Hearst could have received, for it enabled him to plunge at once into the exhilarating sea of New York journalism at its current peak of sensationalistic reporting.

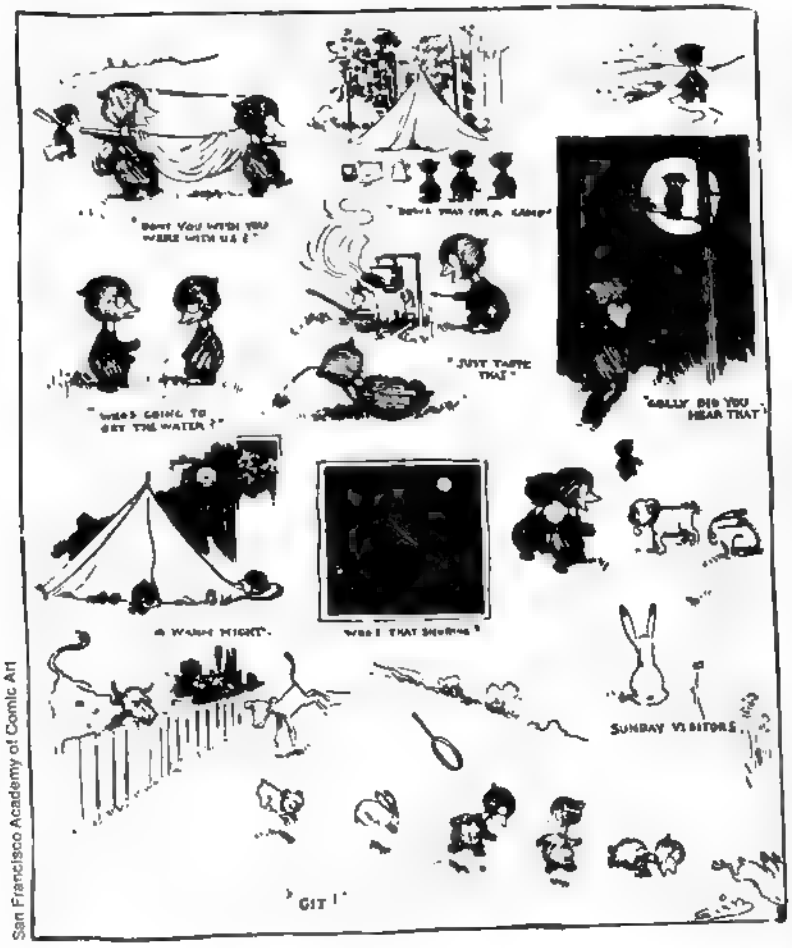
The Pulitzer lodestone drew Willie immediately to the effervescent *World*, where he signed on as a reporter, but in fact used his Harvard and San Francisco contacts to get him a prolonged grand tour of the way the *World* worked and the way it edited and published news. He remained for almost a year, meeting and talking with everyone from the pressmen to the talented Walt MacDougall, whose sprightly political and social cartoons lined the columns of the *World* daily and Sunday. He missed Pulitzer himself, for the ailing press lord was rarely on the newspaper's premises at this time although his hand was never far from the policy helm. It would have been a classic encounter, for the Willie Hearst who was a mere reporter in 1886 would, by 1896, become Pulitzer's chief challenger in the New York newspaper arena. That challenge, as it developed, would be made chiefly with cartoons—and cartoons, of course, were a university from which Willie had graduated, *magna cum laude*, years before he entered Harvard.

Hearst took over the family *Examiner* officially on March 4, 1887, the same day his newly elected father was being sworn into office in Washington as senator from California. Lent, Noble, Thayer, and other *Lampoon* buddies took over their *Examiner* chores with rolled-sleeve relish, while Hearst himself reversed normal sleeping and waking hours to nurse every morning edition to bed through the preceding night. There were hectic weeks, months, of reshaping the near-moribund paper into something that would move off newsracks as rapidly as coveys of startled doves, on sight at first and later by preference. Hearst himself wrote eye-gripping headlines for news sensational enought to merit it (little more than a month after taking the helm, he headlined the *Examiner* story on a large Monterey hotel fire, "HUNGRY, FRANTIC FLAMES, *'Leaping Higher, Higher, Higher, With Desperate Desire,' Running Madly Riotous Through Cornice, Archway, and Facade,"* etc.),

**Left: An illustration from *Max and Maurice* (such was its American title; the German original is *Max und Moritz*), Hearst's beloved childhood favorite. The artist was Wilhelm Busch, and the perennially popular book was, of course, the inspiration for not only pictorial humor in Hearst's newspaper pages, but the classic *Katzenjammer Kids*.**

**Below: William Randolph Hearst, as sketched by one of the talents who helped put his name on the map, Homer Davenport.**

Collection of Rick Marschall




San Francisco Academy of Comic Art

***The Bears Go Camping:*** **A Swinnerton page from the *Examiner* of July, 1895.**

and he began his lifelong practice of opening his purse wide enough to attract the finest talent he could find. Ambrose Bierce, the grimly dyspeptic author of ghoulish horror fantasies and mordantly witty perorations against humanity at large—and easily San Francisco's finest writer of the period—was hired within the first month to write a weekly column. Other first-rate local talents, including writers and artists on other local papers, were lured by the same generous purse.

The position of newspaper cartoonist—in effect a graphic commentator on political issues and the local scene in those days—was obviously of vital interest to Hearst, and he wanted someone at least as visually potent as Walt MacDougall of the *World*. In typical Hearst fashion, he went after the best and got him—no one less than Thomas Nast, the nation's political caricaturist emeritus, who created the classic symbol of the Republican elephant and the standardized Democrat donkey, then went on to indict and depose the entire city government of New York in a scathing series of cartoons for *Harper's Weekly* in 1871. Nast was in semi-retirement at the time, vacationing in San Francisco, but he was delighted to limber up his drawing board for the only local paper that seemed to be seriously interested in ferreting out rascality. Perhaps his most memorable work for the *Examiner* appeared in 1888; making savage comment on the dangers overfast trolleys posed for children playing in the street and called "Death the Gripman," it portrayed a grinning skeleton in a gripman's cage at the controls of a speeding cable car. It was considered a classic in its time, promptly led to new regulations reducing trolley speed on residential streets, and brought about increased repute for Hearst's year-old Phoenix of the newsstands. But peripatetic Nast longed for the grimmer, darker subject matter of the East Coast (as, of course, did Hearst himself), and departed in due time to work for the New York *World*—the first hostage in what was, in a few years, to become a great battle between Hearst and Pulitzer for the top comic art talent of the nation.

Hearst did not hasten to replace Nast. Hearst presumably interviewed a number of cartoonists, but found no one he could use until 1892, when he finally met his expected star—not once, but twice.

One of the two cartoonist talents to twinkle richly enought to hold Hearst's skilled eye was a young Oregon man named Homer Calvin Davenport. He had heard of Nast's employment on the *Examiner* and, awed at the thought of the artist he most idolized having worked in so near a city, trekked down to San Francisco to try his luck on the same paper. Technically maladroit, the 25-year-old Davenport commanded a forceful conceptual talent which overrode his clumsy line and sketchy development of graphics. Hearst realized at once that he had found his own Nast: a cartoonist who could make a front-page editorial point in a fury of imagery that would reach and appeal to many more newspaper purchasers than the most pungently written editorial. And Davenport faithfully carried Hearst's crusading lance in its calculated impalement of a multitude of local foes over the next few years, quickly becoming feared and famed in about equal measure. Seen as Hearst's graphic right arm, he was among the *Examiner* staffers to leave with the young publisher for the New York *Journal* in 1895, where he was to wreak further havoc as editorial cartoonist through the remainder of the 1890s.

Hearst's uncanny ability to spot outstanding (even though essentially untried) cartoon talent was demonstrated even more remarkably in his perceiving the promise in a boy artist who was shortly to be the second star of the *Examiner*'s cartooning team: the towheaded James Quilford Swinnerton. Nicknamed Swin, the 16-year-old art school student had been called to Hearst's attention by his father, a Stockton judge and former newspaperman who had founded the *Humboldt Star* in Eureka a number of years before, and who was now campaigning for the state senate. Hearst was altogether delighted with the Stockton youngster's deft and fresh array of drawings, largely of instantly charming kids and comic animals tumbling about like yarn balls batted by a brace of kittens. He signed the kid to the paper at the same salary he was paying Davenport and, perhaps, relaxed briefly in happy awareness that the *Examiner* was now able to both rouse the citizenry with the best political cartoons in the state, and put them at their amused ease with the lightest and funniest art in town.

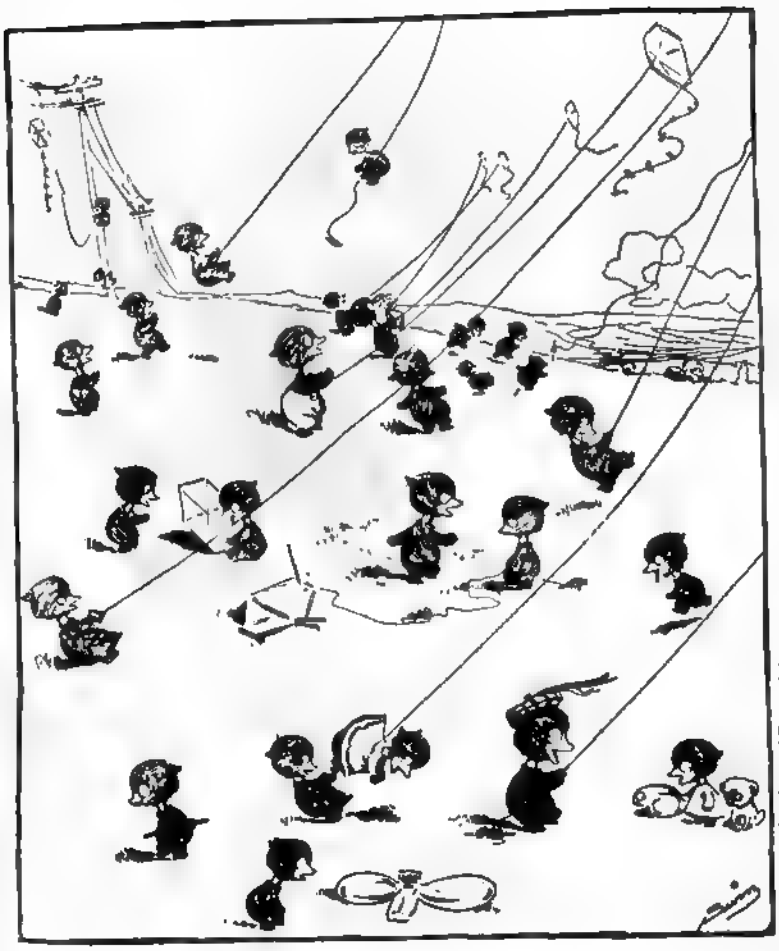
Swin was to find his local fame almost at once, largely because of a newspaper promotion gambit Hearst had undertaken some time before, in pursuing the idea of scouring the forests of northern California for a living, breathing grizzly bear—a creature many Californians suspected had become extinct in that area by the 1870s. The promotional opportunities for the *Examiner*, in a state whose great seal and flag both bore the grizzly as a proud emblem, were obvious. It was natural. A pair of Hearst's ace reporters spent several weeks in the wilderness, but they located and trapped a huge male bear at last. Named Monarch, the grizzly was brought to San Francisco and exhibited at Woodward's Garden to enormous

crowds. Edition after edition of the *Examiner* sold off the stands, leaving the newsracks heavy with the other San Francisco papers of the day—the *Call*, the *Bulletin*, the *Chronicle*, and the tired old *Alta*. People once immune to cartoons, lurid headlines, and salty prose (and hardly knew the name of the *Examiner* a month before) were now talking excitedly about the "Grizzly Bear Paper" and buying it. Stacks were sold daily by the bear's cage at the Garden. More interestingly—and a tribute to Hearst's editorial acumen—the *Examiner*'s boosted sales did not slacken after the furor about the bear had slackened. And the public accepted the *Examiner*'s new masthead boast, "The Monarch of the Dailies," with an almost conspiratorial smile.

Swin had drawn Monarch in a realistic manner for a regular news story in the *Examiner* on March 10, 1893, in a departure from his usual light work. Later in the year, when the public was getting excited about the forthcoming Midwinter Exposition of 1894, Hearst decided to exhibit Monarch at the Fair, as part of a wide-ranging *Examiner* participation. Cozy Noble, who often did the realistic news story art for the paper, drew a new picture of Monarch along the lines of Swin's cut, to head the *Examiner*'s new daily column on the developments at the Exposition site. Noble's half-column drawing of the grizzly ran on October 9, 1893, but Hearst must have been dissatisfied. Swin's earlier drawing had had more bearish dash, and he was asked to do a bear drawing every day for the column head. The boy artist's first grizzly leered benignly at readers the next day. Soon Swin succumbed to his humorous instincts and drew a fat, roly-poly cub bear in place of the adult grizzly—and it was an odd, amusing little beast, with its large round head separated from its chubby body and short legs by a thin, elongated neck circled with the wide collar Monarch wore in public.

The new little bear, with a kid's potential for experiment or mischief, gave Swin a much wider and funnier range of variant activities for the daily Exposition news antics. The cub's mobile, comic face, too, provided Swin with greater scope for human expression in keeping with each day's stunt. And the cub—soon termed "Baby Monarch"—performed with great success. On any given day, the little bear might be posing on a diving board, eating a pie, inspecting a painting, sawing himself off a limb—simple stunts, but new and amusing in a daily newspaper, where cartoons were usually used for more serious ends.

By the time the Midwinter Exposition opened in January, 1894 (and Swinnerton had decorated the *Examiner*'s special, 70-page Exposition Number of January 28 with over a hundred little bear drawings), his Baby Monarch cub had become the great popular daily hit of San Francisco. The young cartoonist was even asked to design 16 little bear figures for the *Examiner*'s ornate silver cup trophy presented as an Exposition award. Bear drawings were to be seen everywhere about the Expostion halls and grounds. In Topsy-esque fashion, Hearst and Swinnerton had managed to make San Francisco's Midwinter Exposition almost as much an *Examiner* affair as a city festivity. (Stiffly aloof, the other city dailies ignored the whole Hearst/Monarch/little bear aspect of the goings-on; they had, indeed, refused even to mention Hearst's original capture of Monarch or his highly popular exhibit, thus unimaginatively conceding all available news coverage of the bear to the *Examiner*.) And James Guilford Swinnerton, not yet a legal adult in California, had become the best-known and most enjoyed cartoonist on the West Coast.



San Francisco Academy of Comic Art

**The California Bears at it again; Swinnerton drew them pursuing all the activities that also absorbed San Franciscans. From August 18, 1895.**

Much as they enjoyed Swin's fuzzy comic cub, few *Examiner* readers during that halcyon San Francisco era could have realized that they had witnessed the birth of a newspaper merchandising concept that would revolutionize the interior appearance of virtually all American newspapers within two decades. For the wildly successful day-by-day appearance of a repeated, individualized cartoon character in a wholly graphic format—the first in any newspaper anywhere—was to foreshadow the tidal wave of comic strip continuity that would bring millions of new readers to newspapers in the early 20th century. Swin's *Little Bear* or *Little Bears* feature (as the *Examiner* called the series alternatively in brief, occasional captions) was not itself a comic strip—in fact that narrative art form was yet to be created, and did not appear in its definitive format of sharply interrelated dialogue balloons and panel action until 1896, in the Sunday cartoon section of Hearst's New York *Journal*—but it provided tentative proof of the economic value of comic art in newspapers. It laid the conceptual foundation that made the flowering of comic strips possible within a few years, when the development of the color press and improved printing quality for newspapers opened the way.

Needless to say, the lesson of the circulation rise Swin's *Little Bear* feature had made possible was not lost on Hearst. Other editors might view it sourly as lucky playing to the gallery of Exposition fans, or as a childish bauble to attract childish readers, but Hearst saw it as an emblem of mass art on which a foresighted entrepreneur could build a newspaper...or

Collection of Rick Marschall

**A page from a deluxe art calendar printed in 1896 San Francisco—*A California Bear Calendar.* Swinnerton's creations were immensely popular and merchandised widely.**

two, or a dozen. If others missed the point and failed to launch immediate imitations, so much the better. Hearst held his reflections to himself, really only worried about what one man or his minions might do: Pulitzer and his New York *World* staff. For Pulitzer had just acquired a color press capable of large-scale weekly newspaper use, had begun to feature his star cartoonist, Walt MacDougall, in large, Sunday drawings of amusing Manhattan scenes and telling political assaults. The cartoonist was backed up with humorous cartoons reprinted from famed New York cartoon weeklies including *Judge*, *Life*, and *Puck*.

**A self-portrait of Jimmy Swinnerton and his protean creation, the Little Bear.**

Collection of Rick Marschall

The *World* publisher had chosen to use his new color press largely for cartoons rather than more mundane subjects such as art reproductions, story illustrations, news pictures, or the like, since he knew the funny stuff would attract many more readers. But, as Hearst realized with relief after watching the Sunday *World* for a few months, Pulitzer had not been aware of the *Little Bear* sensation in the *Examiner* (and why should the titan of New York newspaper publishers pay attention to a San Francisco paper in any event?), or had failed to draw what seemed to Hearst the screamingly obvious conclusions to be derived—for no attempt by the *World* editors or cartoonists to develop a single, appealing, repeated comic character for their new Sunday color supplement had emerged.

Hearst's private plans to enter the New York newspaper scene in a powerful and telling way continued to develop through 1894: in the meantime, he kept Swin's *Little Bear* as a regular feature, running the bear every day in the front page weather announcement, in spots elsewhere through the week, and in a small but comically crowded Sunday panel, where the bear appeared in as many as a dozen funny bits related by a common theme: school, hiking, boating, or the like. The cub had by mid-1894 become as much a part of the paper as its masthead. And this presented Hearst with a problem which he hoped could be solved when the time came—how to use Swin's comic talent (as he planned to use Davenport's) in New York without crippling the *Examiner*'s circulation strength and offending many of his faithful readers by depriving them of the Little Bear. For there was then no convenient way of transmitting cartoon art. Parcel shipment took at least a week to reach San Francisco from New York in good weather, longer in bad. Swin, in New York, would naturally be inclined to develop Manhattan scenes and themes in his comic work, which would not curry the local appeal of San Francisco the *Little Bear* feature had, and Hearst could hardly expect Swin to carry a double burden. Further, there was the question of whether the little bear would have the same appeal—the same special cachet—for New Yorkers as he had for San Franciscans. It might, in fact, be a good idea for Swin to develop a wholly new character concept for Manhattan...

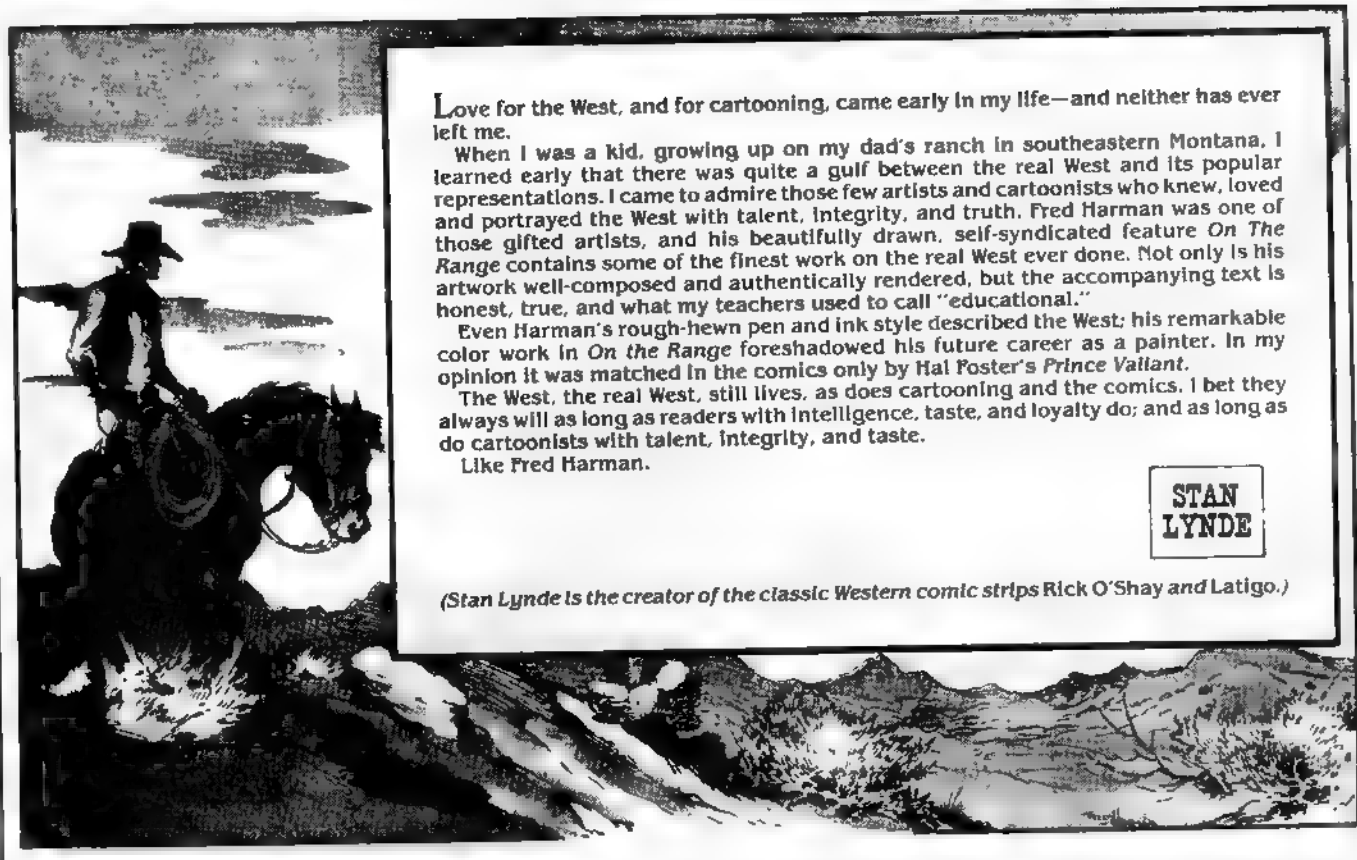
*In fact Hearst was to enter the New York newspaper scene in short order. Swinnerton was a big part of those plans, as was Davenport, and for a time the little bears and other cartoon creations were either shared by each coast or done specially for the individual Hearst paper.*

*It is common knowledge that the revolution in journalism and in graphic art that Hearst fathered in San Francisco accelerated and matured in New York. But the details of the story—with players like Richard Outcault, Frederick Burr Opper, Rudolph Dirks, and their incredible array of paper characters—will unfold, replete with surprises and some shattered historical suppositions—in an upcoming issue of* **NEMO.** *Suffice it to say at this juncture that the vital artform we know as the comic strip was on the verge of its debut in 1895... the resultant combination of unlikely ingredients: The fond childhood memories of a man with a sense of humor; some talented and imaginative artists; the pregnant advance of printing technology; some commercial and promotional imperatives. Luck and Timing had roles to play also, but for the rest of the story—for those who like to peek at endings —a glance at your favorite comics today will provide a hint at what Hearst's genius and vision foresaw.*

# on the Range

# The Western Art of Fred Harman

(1934-1938)



Love for the West, and for cartooning, came early in my life—and neither has ever left me.

When I was a kid, growing up on my dad's ranch in southeastern Montana, I learned early that there was quite a gulf between the real West and its popular representations. I came to admire those few artists and cartoonists who knew, loved and portrayed the West with talent, integrity, and truth. Fred Harman was one of those gifted artists, and his beautifully drawn, self-syndicated feature *On The Range* contains some of the finest work on the real West ever done. Not only is his artwork well-composed and authentically rendered, but the accompanying text is honest, true, and what my teachers used to call "educational."

Even Harman's rough-hewn pen and ink style described the West; his remarkable color work in *On the Range* foreshadowed his future career as a painter. In my opinion it was matched in the comics only by Hal Foster's *Prince Valiant*.

The West, the real West, still lives, as does cartooning and the comics. I bet they always will as long as readers with intelligence, taste, and loyalty do; and as long as do cartoonists with talent, integrity, and taste.

Like Fred Harman.

STAN LYNDE

*(Stan Lynde is the creator of the classic Western comic strips* Rick O'Shay *and* Latigo.*)*

Illustrations from the collection of Rick Marschall

# on the RANGE with Fred Harman

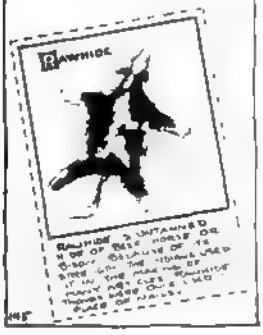
## Lost Reward

I'll tell you a tale about Cha-la-ra-wa-ta. I had my share of trials. Outlaws and the climate in those days made it a cloud of alkali dust.

The object of the trip was to capture and bring back dead or alive, a certain individual that had wronged fellow men.

They say that Pete put on sneaks up on the Trans-Pecos and it took the Big Bend Country to get him.

After he and his hoss had seen Rawhide in a stampede in the Bull Arroyo Pass, he took to the Badlands of all places and was last seen watching the sun go down for that reward.




Rawhide is untamed. He is one of Pete's horses. Because of its speed with the rope, Rawhide is the mainstay of many cowboys' herds. Though hard to break, Rawhide is prized by cowboys.

Every week a colorful picture of western life. Save them—paste in a scrap book—or hang them in your den, cafe, barber shop or office.

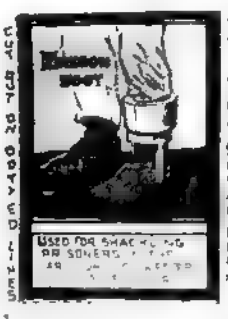
# on the RANGE with Fred Harman

## The Man at the Plow

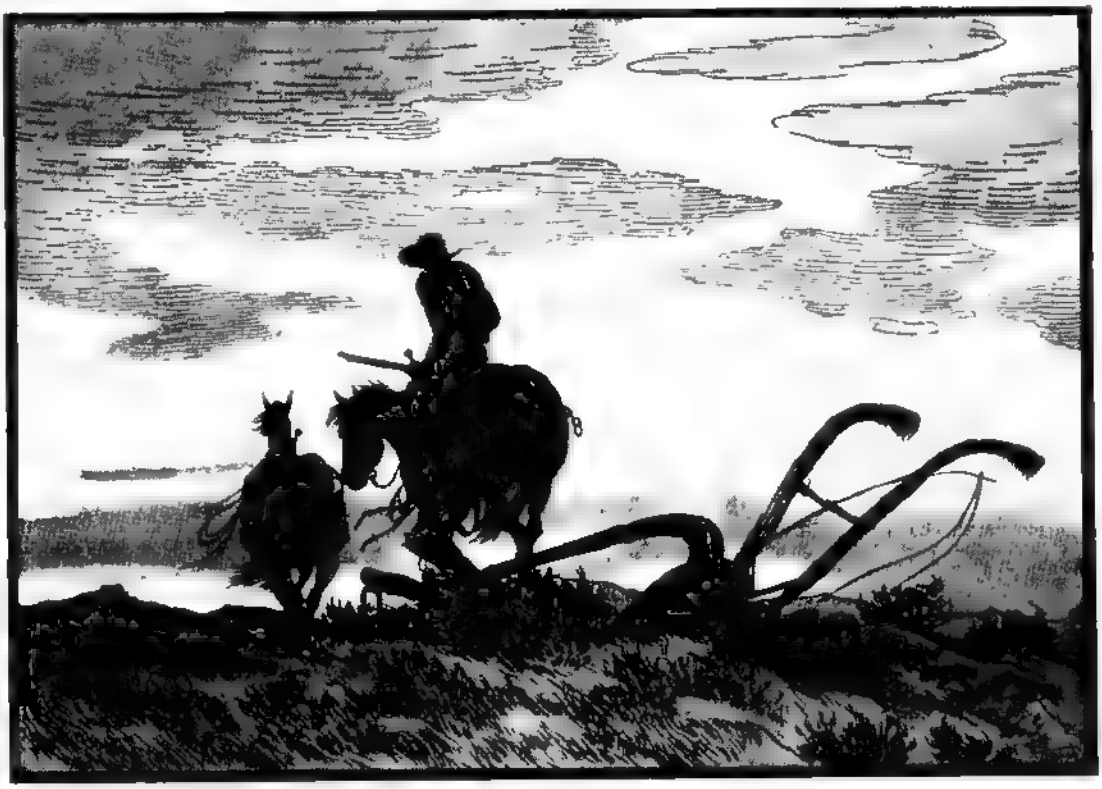
A night hawk called
And a lone cow bawled
As the sun sank deep in the west
And the man at the plow
Wiped his sweated brow
As the toil of day came to rest

He was pioneer born
Though of glory shorn
Knowing little of glitter and gold
But his heart is clean
And his strong arms lean
And the stride that he takes is bold

On his horses back
Towards the humble shack
He slowly makes his way
To rest through the night
While the moon beams bright
Till the sun brings a new born day




Pasting Scrap Book



# ON THE RANGE with FRED HAIRMAN

"SAM, I RECKON YA HAD SOME MIGHTY FINE BEAR STEAKS TH' YEAR YA BAGGED THAT GRIZZLY."

"YES HARRY, BUT YA BET YER SOCKS THEY WERENT IT BY ME I GOT SO SHEERED THAT EVEN TODAY MY STOMACH GROWLS IN PROTEST."

"HOW'S THAT SAM?"

"WELL AFTER I'D THROWED TWO SHOTS INTO TH' VARMINT MY HOSS WENT TO BUCKIN — WITH TH' WOUNDED SO'BILLY FLOGGIN OUR TRAIL TH' HOSS GAVE NO ATTENTION TO TH' FALLEN TIMBER AN WE PILED UP JUMPIN TO MY FEET I SENT ANOTHER SHOT INTO TH CRITTER AS HE FELL DEAD NO MORE'N TWO PAW LENGTHS AWAY

I TELL YA HARRY — I WAS SO SHEERED M LEGS RATTLED TH FULL TEN MILE WALK HOME."

"BUT WHY DIDN'T YA RIDE, SAM?"

"'CAUSE M HOSS HAD A BUSTED LEG"

"UMM- SO THATS WHERE YOUR LAST CATRIDGE WENT EH?"

"YEP."

CUT OUT ON DOTTED LINES

PASTE IN A 3 BAG BOOK

# on the RANGE

FRED HAIRMAN

## DRIFTIN' ON

BEIN A RESTLESS AN' DRIFTIN' COWBOY, I AINT HAD TIME TO SETTLE DOWN AN ACCUMULATE THINGS LIKE A LITTLE HERD ALL MY OWN

IN FACT, I DONT BELIEVE I COULD STAND TH' MONOTONY OF WEARIN TH' SAME CLOTHES BRAUL EVERY DAY

I FIND MORE CONTENTMENT JUST DRIFTIN ON UP ONE TRAIL AN DOWN TH OTHER THAT WAY I GET TO SEE NEW THINGS AN NEW FACES.

I RECKON I'VE HUSTLED [illegible]

# on the RANGE

wrd FRED HARMAN.

GEE—THAT'S QUEER—NOBODY'S HOME! TH FOLKS ALL SEEM TBE GONE. GUESS THEY JIST GOT TIRED A WAITIN ON ME TCOME HOME AN MOVED AWAY— BUT GOSH— YAD THINK SOMEBODY WOULD BE HERE SOMEBODY TWELCOME ME HOME — JIST SOME BODY I COULD TALK TO SHUCKS— TOLD MA D COME HOME SOON. TOLD HER ALL YOUNG FELLERS HAD TGO OUT ON THEIR OWN SOMETIME OR OTHER AN SEEIN AS HOW TH' GOLD WAS FLOWIN OUT ARGUN THESE HILLS— I'D BETTER NOT WAIT ANY LONGER

I RECOLLECT HOW SHE TOLD ME NOT TGO PROSPECTIN— BUT CONSARN IT— WOULDNIT LISTEN I TOLD HER 'D MAKE A BIG STAKE AN THEN COME HOME— YES SIREE! I TOLD HER OF ALL TH NICE THINGS COULD BUY HER WHEN I GOT THAT BIG SACK OF YELLOW DIRT

WELL I GOT IT BUT WHAT GOOD'S IT AGON TDO TH FOLKS AINT HOME.

Every week— Save 'em for your scrap book

Personals— Has any one seen my heart lost in his visit to the circus? Will guarantee to restore it in same with first application or none. Lost! Two love birds. Finder will be given an new green andirons. [illegible]

# on the Range with FRED HARMAN

## IT DIDN'T PAY

TERM TES, BUGS, BEETLES, WORMS 'R VARMITS SOMETIMES ET TH SOLID WOODEN THEY BRIDGE TIMBERS AN WITH A CRASH THEY WUSTA HEARD BACK IN WICHITA TH STAGE JE WAS STUN AT BOTH CRASHED THROUGH.

WE BLAMED TH DRIVER BUT MIGHT AS WELL SAVED OUR WIND FER TH HOMEWARD WALK HOME AFTER TH' HOSSES HAD BROKE LOOSE AN LEFT US AFOOT BESIDES TEARIN UP TH CALIFORNIA MAIL OUT TO TH LABS WORTH OF LOST EATIN AN ALL CAUSE, AS WE ATER FOUND OUT, THAT OR JURY DRIVER HAD TAKE THAT ABANDONED OLD TRAIL WAGON TO AVOID GOIN THRU A PALOOSA JUNCTION

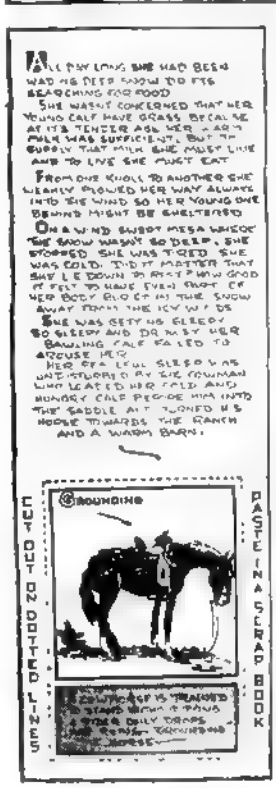
IT SEEMS HE D BOUGHT A PAIR OF TH THEVE ON CREDIT AN WAS TO PAY FER IT WITH MOUTA TH EARNINGS FOR TH FIRST WEEKS RUN ON TH TRIP BUT RATHER THAN BE FIGURED CHEAP USES FER TH MULES HE MIGHTA GOT FIRED HAPPEN LOST HIS JOB.

A MAVERICK IS AN UNBRANDED ANIMAL OFTEN CALLED SLICKS

# on the RANGE

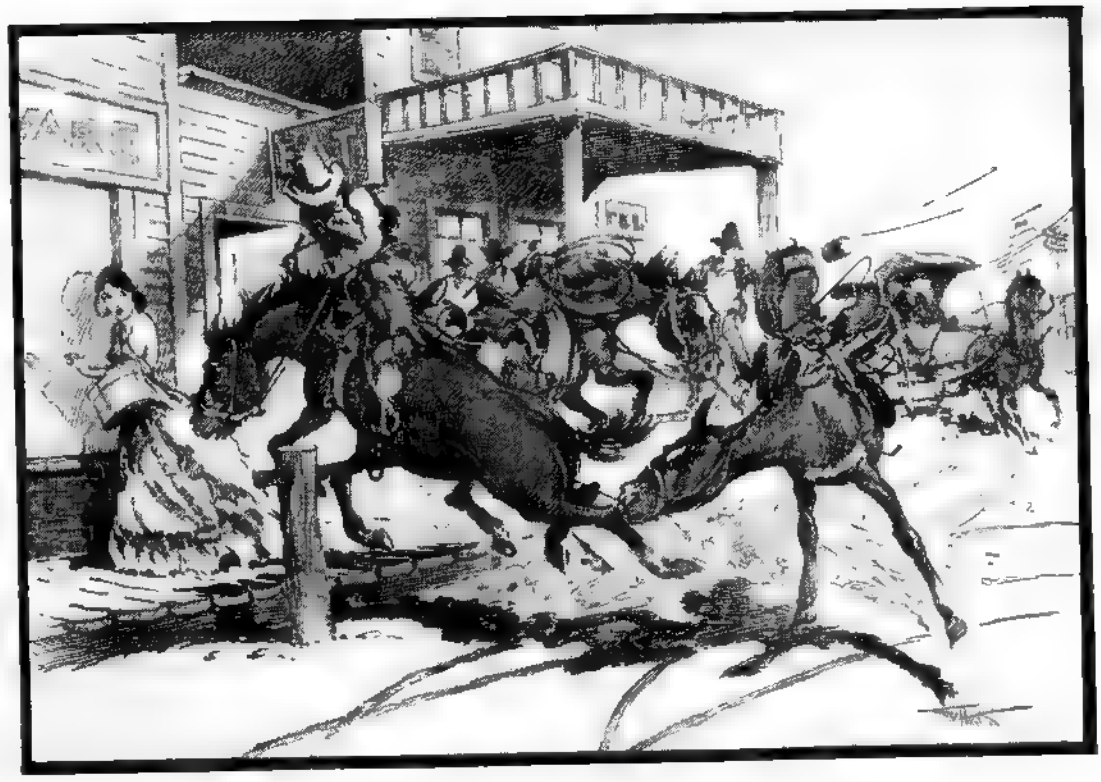
by FRED HARMAN

## THE HOMESTEAD TRAIL



## On the RANGE

by FRED HARMAN



Boats c'n th old days was generally peaceful, but tark'n troubles were just as bad as they are tday

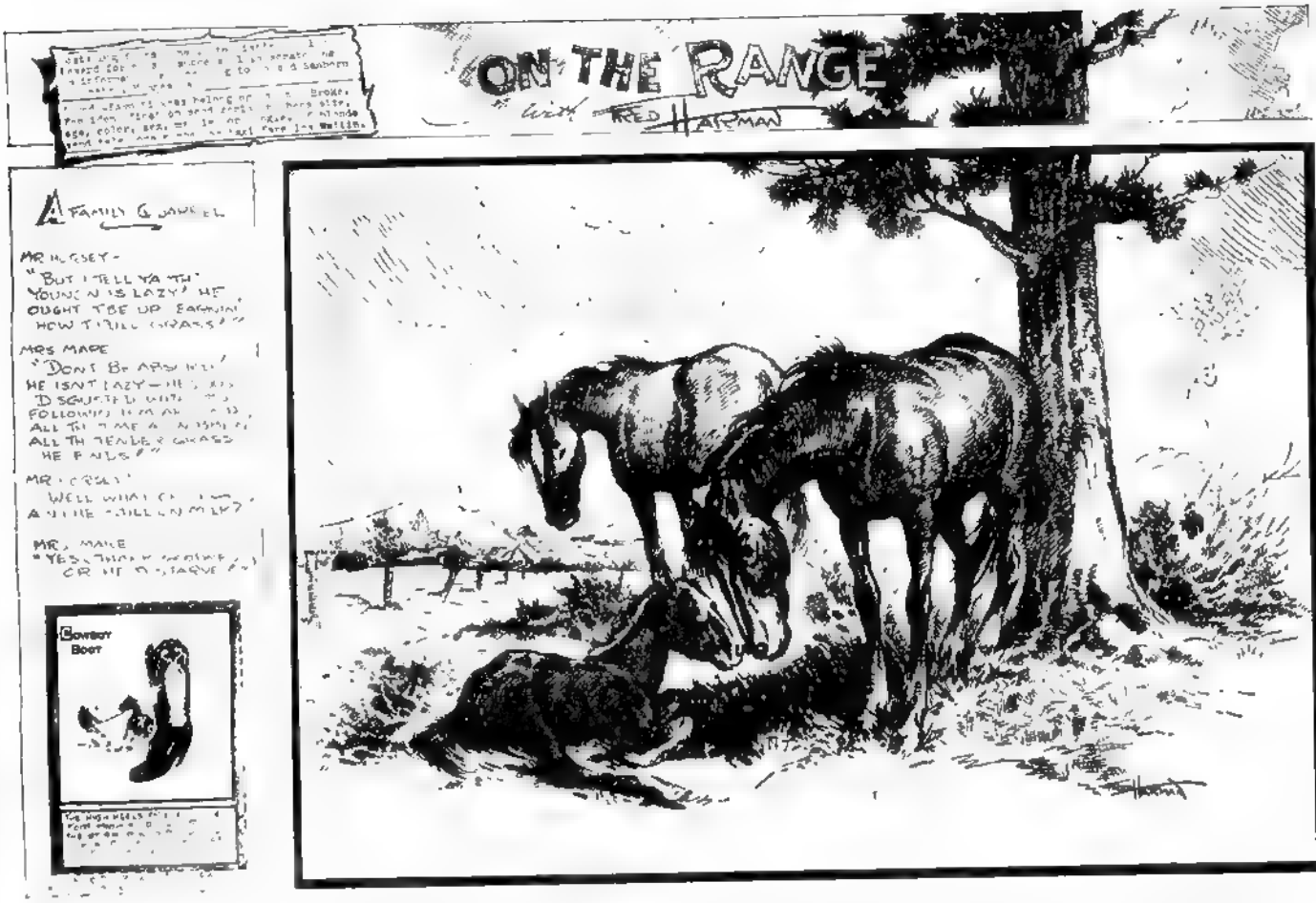
We didnt have gas buggies but th hay burners we rode an dogie caused plenty of worries arc'ind th old hitchin rail

Some locoed critter was always gett'n outa control an th damage done was far greater than when ol' cars are herded into crowded parkin lots like so many sheep in a slaughterin pen

When one hoss rams into another ya can just bet th excitement is a goin t'spread in a disease of destruction amongst all th animals. But when one car rams another - But all that happens is a bent fender an that's usually covered by insurance

Out on th range our only insurance was our months wages wich maybe was enough to replace th boardwalk an th hardware stores front window where some locoed hoss was chasin his reflection in th glass.

SAVE THESE PICTURES.


ON THE RANGE
with FRED HARMAN
A Family Quarrel
Mr. Horsey -
"But I tell ya th' young'n is lazy! He ought t'be up earnin' how t'pull grass!"
Mrs. Mare
"Dont be absurd! He isnt lazy—he's just
All th time a-learnin'
All th leader grass he finds!"
Mr. Colt
Well what c'n I do
All the chillen in life?
Mr. Mare
"Yes, that's
Or he'll starve
Cowboy Boot

# ON THE RANGE

by FRED HARMAN

TODAY WE GO TO WHITE MANS TOWN TO SELL GOAT IA MOST CRY CAUSE I LIKE GOAT MY PET.

MY PAPA BAD MAN, BUT HE NOT SAVVY LITTLE INJUN HE FORGET WHEN HE WAS LITTLE BOY TOO.

MAYBE WHEN HE LITTLE BOY HE NOT HAVE TIME TO PLAY HE LITTLE BOWS PONY ... I GOT PONY TO WHEN HE I... HEAD CHIEF, AN HIS PAPA USE SPEND ALL TIME LEARNING TO BE BIG WARRIOR.

HE LEARN TO FIGHT AND HUNT SO WHEN HE GROW BIG HE KNOW HOW TO PROTECT FAMILY.

MY PAPA MAKE IA STAKE, CAUSE WHEN HE GROW UP ALL WORLD CHANGE AND HE NO HAVE REASON NOW TO FIGHT.

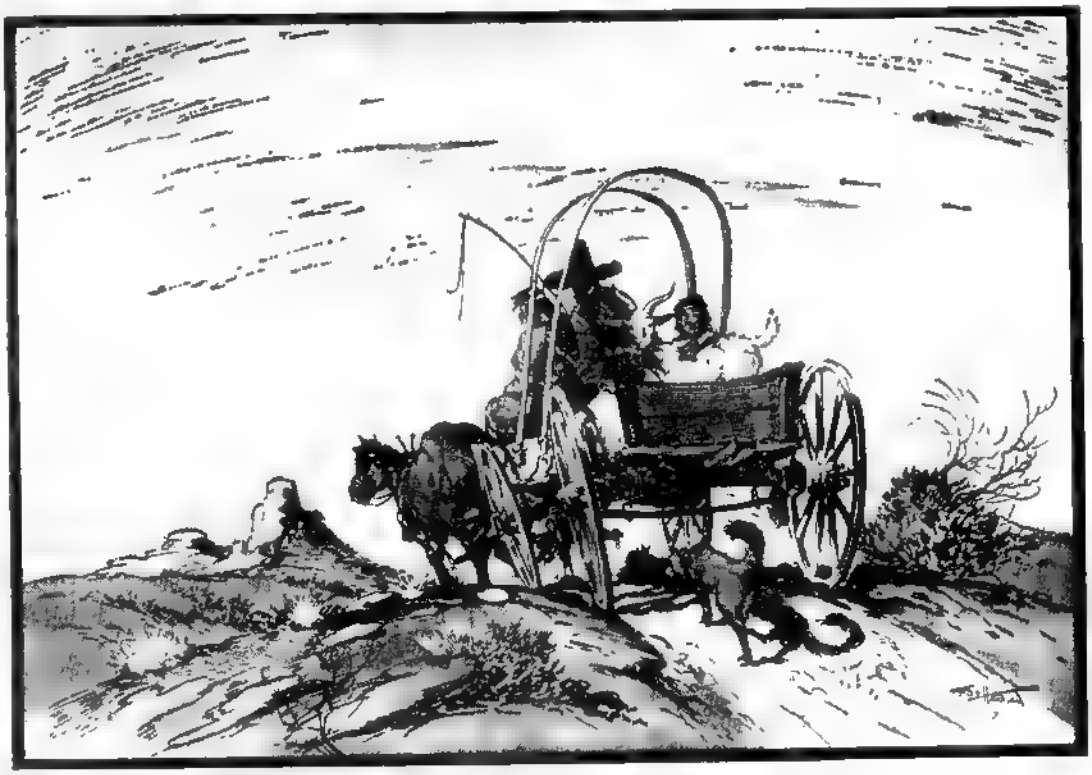
WHITE MAN TAKE COUNTRY CIVILIZED SO PAPA CAN'T HUNT.

BUT I NOT TELL MY PAPA I DONT WANT HIM TO SELL GOAT MAYBE HE GET ANGRY.

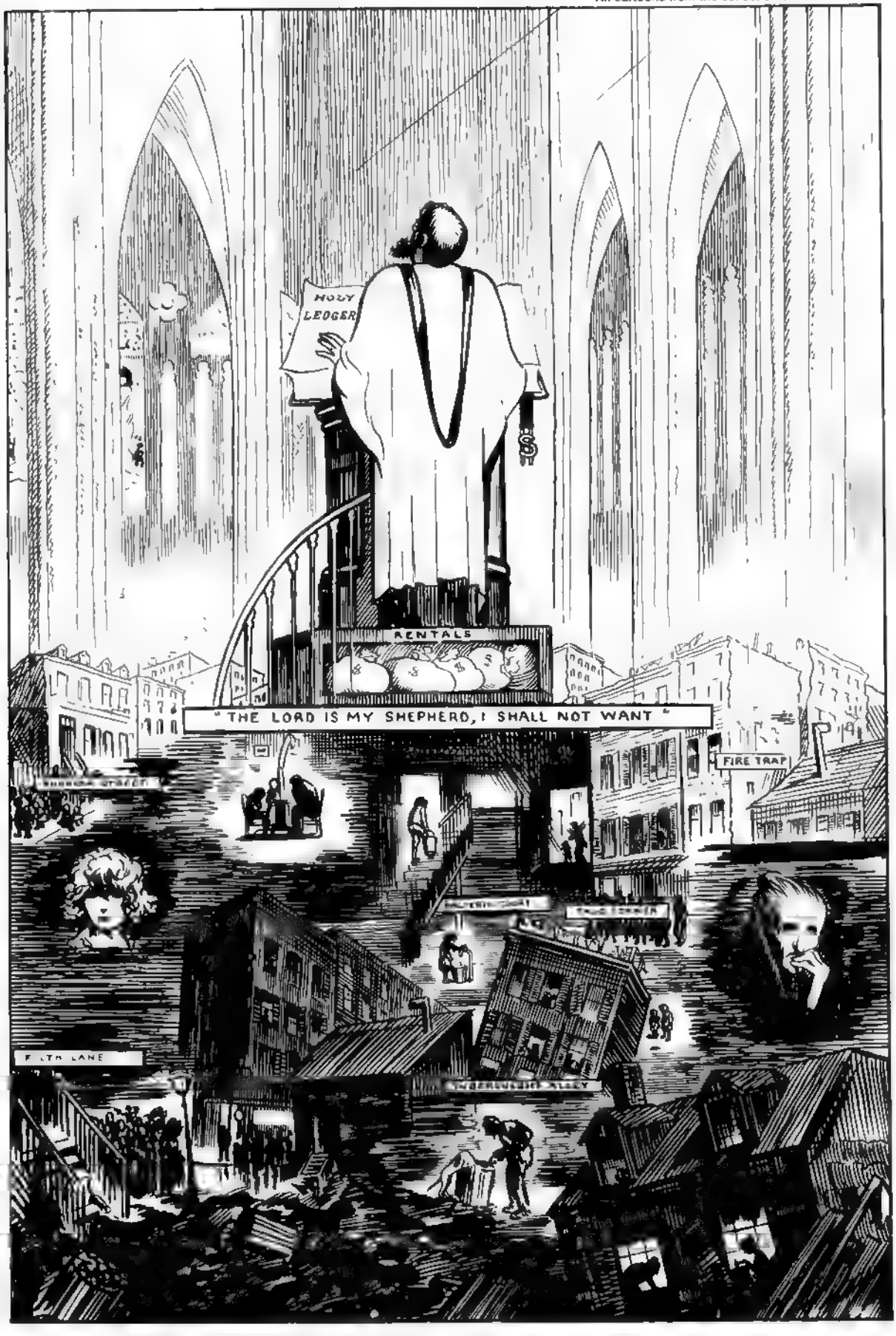
I HAVE NEW PET GOAT, BUT I GOT ONLY ONE PAPA.

AN OLD HAWK IS A COWBOY WHO WATCHES HIS CHEST CLOSE A BIG HE GETS

CUT OUT AND GLUE ON STIFF CARD TO MAKE A HANDY PICTURE BOOK



All cartoons from the collection of Rick Marschall




**In 1908 the Episcopal Church in New York was a major, though inconspicuous, holder of decrepit tenement properties. Young sought to publicize the situation with attacks like this on the invisible slumlord.**

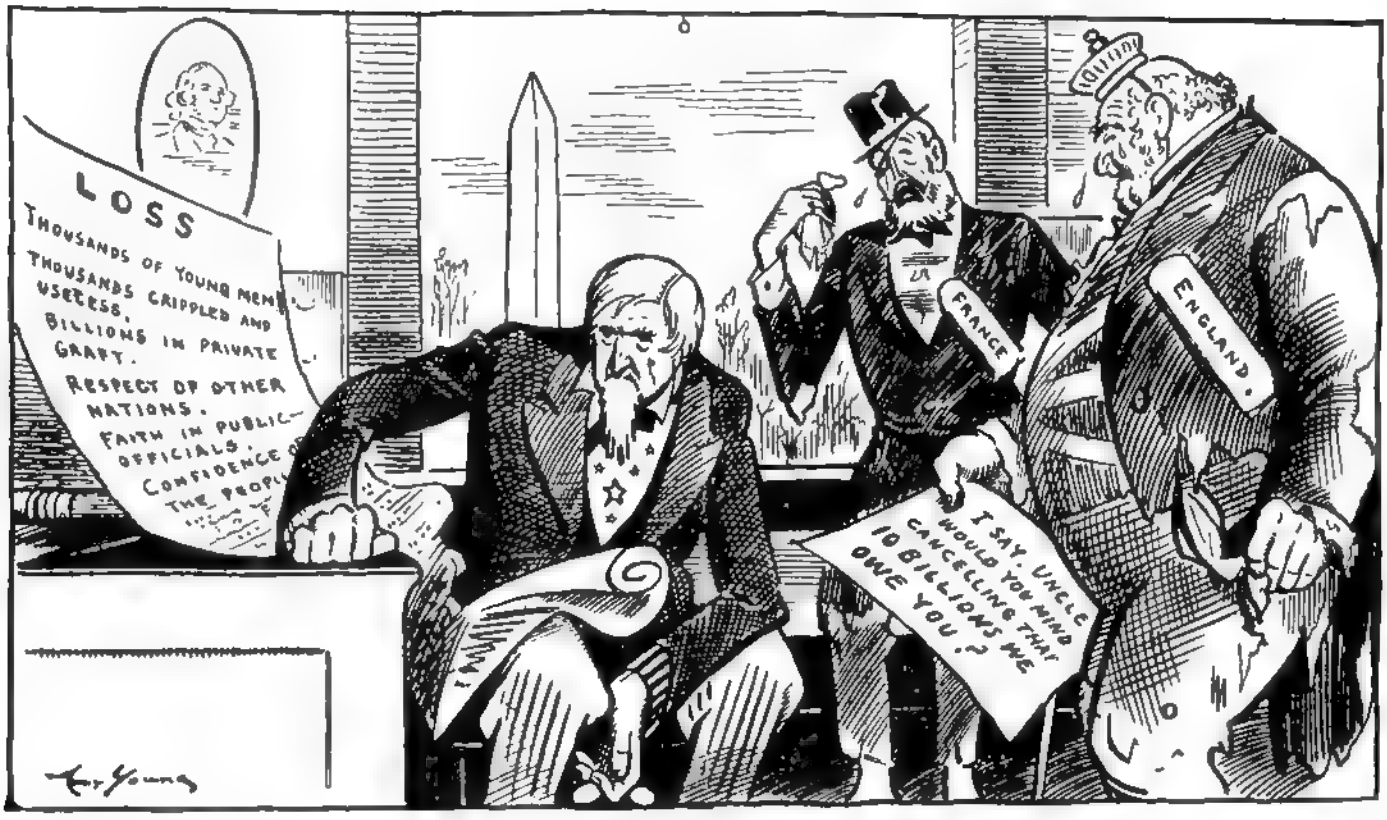
# Penmen of the Past

# Art Young

One of American cartooning's pre-eminent artists, Art Young, was a fascinating bundle of anomalies and contradictions: When his fellow political cartoonists were turning to the grease crayon to manifest their advocacies, he remained loyal to the pen-and-ink in what many termed a throwback to the woodcut look; an enthusiastic Bohemian with early residency in Greenwich Village, he was also happily at home living as a country squire in rural Bethel, Connecticut, while he was a communist drawing some of the most vicious cartoons in our history, he also contributed to the Hearst papers and the *Saturday Evening Post*, paradigms of the Establishment whose barricades he routinely stormed

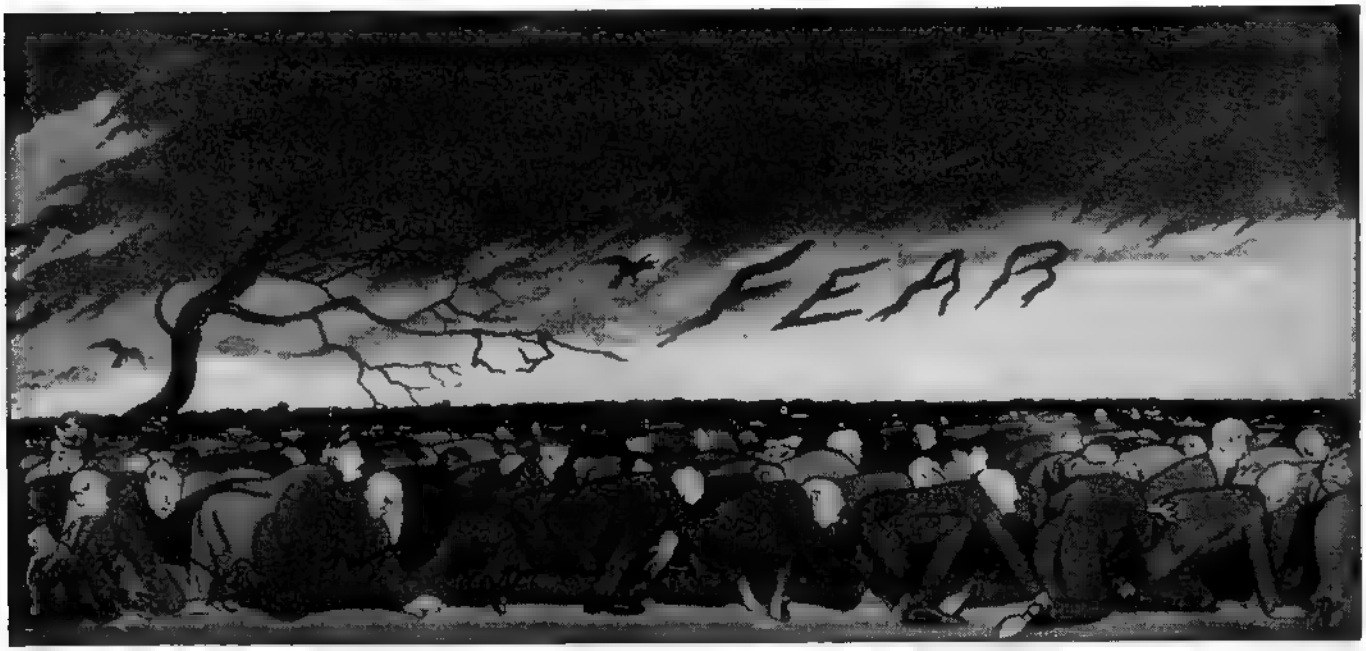
As with most seeming contractions, Henry Arthur Young can be rather easily explained: He was his own man, a talent of savage independence and integrity... an American original. Born in Wisconsin in 1866, he studied at

**A self-portrait of Young near the end of his life (he died in 1944), surrounded by volumes of the publications he drew for.**




the Chicago Academy of Design, the Art Students League in New York (under J. Carroll Beckwith and Kenyon Cox), and the Academie Julien in Paris. His first jobs were with Chicago newspapers—the *Evening Mail*, *Daily News*, and *Tribune*—in the primitive period of newspaper art via chalkplates and such. In 1884, he made his first freelance cartooning sales, to the *Nimble Nickle*, a Chicago journal, and to *Judge* magazine; two years later he was to draw propaganda cartoons advocating death to anarchists in the wake of the bloody Haymarket Riot—cartoons that he later acknowledged with shame.

During the Columbian Exposition of 1892-93, Young was a premier artist on the staff of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, and contributed much of the artwork devoted to the



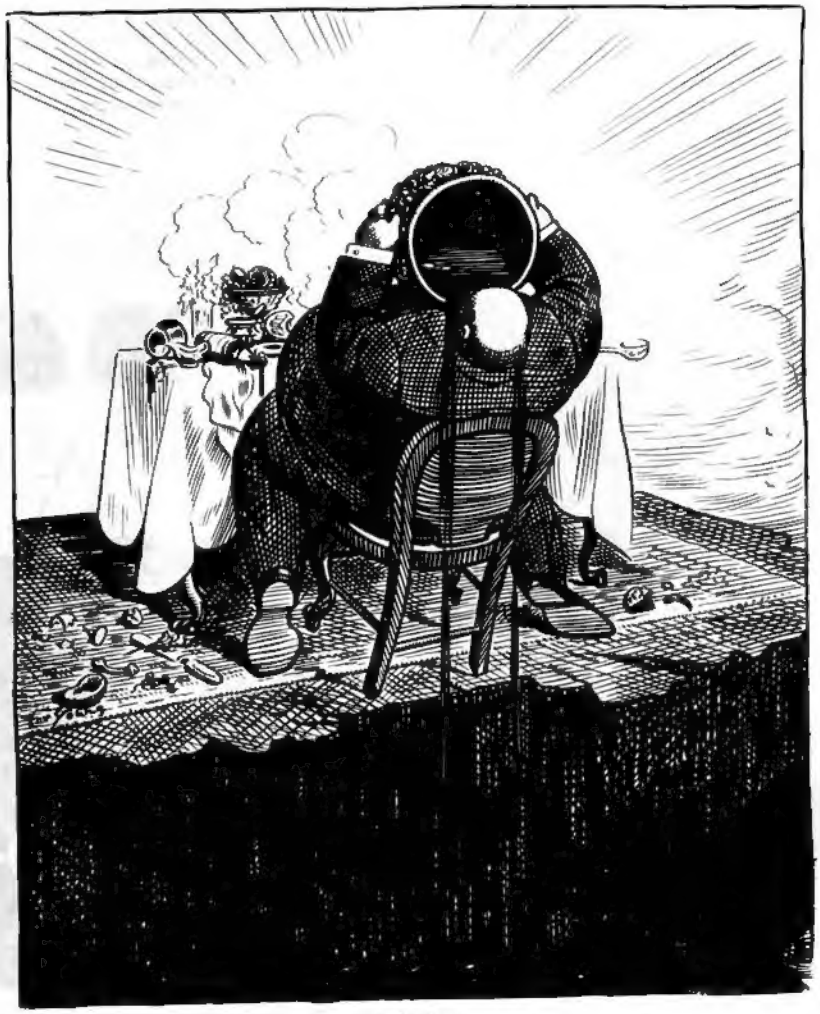

The World of Creepers—Afraid of themselves and others, afraid of the Allmighty, of life and of death

**Above left: the cartoon for which Young was indicted during World War I for "obstructing the war effort." It was a time of hysteria, repression, and censorship, fostered by the "liberal" president Woodrow Wilson. Young was evidently unmoved by the furor—the sketch is a self-caricature made during his trial for treason and sedition.**

World's Fair. The paper's owner, H.H. Kohlsaat, was proud to be the first publisher in America to employ a color printing press for daily newspaper production, and hence Art Young drew some of the very first color cartoons in American newspapers—four years before the Yellow Kid became a national rage. Incidentally, with Young on the *Inter-Ocean* staff at the time was the legendary Thomas Nast in the twilight of his career, engaged to lend a patina to the paper's efforts... as well as to its promotion.

In the mid-1890s Young began to contribute to the prominent humor/cartoon/political magazines of the day, *Puck*, *Judge*, and *Life*; soon he was a regular fixture in all three and was one of the first cartoonists to lead freelancers in cracking the status of staff-only contributions. It was also at this time that his style standardized; he drew with an incredibly supple penline that reproduced like brushwork, and shaded his cartoons with a fabric of neat parallel lines and crosshatching. Such was the origin of stereotyping of Young's style as archaic (Heywood Broun once speculated that Young was frightened by a woodcut at an early age), but in retrospect his work is rather streamlined and economical, representing a visual break with the dominant Gibson-Girl rigidity of the time.

After the turn of the century, Young's conscience began to bother him—his social conscience. He became increasingly, and swiftly, radicalized. For *Judge* he continued doing humorous cartoons, but *Puck* and *Life* were quite receptive to the social-realism, reforming, iconographic flavor of his work, and that of many other cartoonists. In this era of



Capitalism

"By gorry, I'm tired."

"There you go! Here I be a'standin' over a hot stove all day, an' you're workin' in a nice cool sewer!"

ferment, Young was soon a prominent and frequent contributor to out-and-out radical journals, many of them of minuscule circulation and most of them unable to pay for contributions. Soon Young's cartoons and perhaps just as importantly his editorial vision was to change the climate for American cartooning.

*The Masses* was started in 1911 and by 1912 it had become established (editorially, if not fiscally) as a revolutionary monthly run on a cooperative basis. Young not only was responsible for infusing cartoons into what had been generally conceived as a literary magazine, but his editorial direction encouraged an entire generation of political cartoonists—arguably the most notable generation—to be advocates in a bolder and more individualistic way. The names of Young's contemporaries or artistic wards include Boardman Robinson, Maurice Becker, Alice Beach Winter, Balfour Ker, Robert Minor and Glenn O. Coleman; other cartoonists, who later became respected painters, included John Sloan, Stuart Davis, George Bellows, Rockwell Kent, and William Glackens. Finally, Young desired to mold *The Masses* in tone and quality to be the American equivalent of *Jugend*, *Simplicissimus*, Steinlen's *Oil Blas*, and *Assiette au Beurre*, all of which were combining a restive radicalism with exciting artistic experimentation.

The editorial side of *The Masses* was equally distinguished, with Max Eastman and John Reed directing the provocative essays and editorials. For several years Young was in the thick of this, perhaps the most fascinating and vital journal of its day—even in retrospect—and at the same time contributing to a great number of the "above ground" magazines; he had, after all, to eat and support a family.

*The Masses* finally made a mark in an inadvertent way: In 1917 Woodrow Wilson's administration censored the magazine's viewpoint, seized all available copies of the magazine, and arrested several staffers, including Young, for "obstructing the war effort." *The Masses* was resolutely against participation in World War I, and just about any war yet devised by profiteers, politicians, and nationalists. One of the chief exhibits in the trial was an Art Young cartoon portraying an editor, a capitalist, a politician, and a minister dancing a frenzied war-dance to an orchestra led by the Devil. Although two trials results in hung juries, the outcome was indeed intimidating; America was gripped in a frothy war-hysteria at the time. Nevertheless, Young sketched himself falling asleep in the courtroom (which he did), captioning it "Art Young On Trial for His Life."

Among the many outlets for Young's cartoons were *Appeal to Reason*, *The Coming Nation*, *The New Leader*, *The Call*, *The Big Stick*,

RED LIGHT DISTRICT
ORATOR AND POLITICIAN
WILL SELL MYSELF TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER
EDITORIAL WRITER
VIEWS THAT I DONT BELIEVE IN
FOR SALE
COLLEGE PROFESSOR
EDUCATION DIRECTED TO PLEASE THOSE WHO HAVE THE MONEY
CARTOONIST FOR SALE
TO ANY PARTY DEPENDING ON THE PRICE
MINISTER
SERMONS TO PLEASE THOSE WHO PAY THE REVENUE

Prostitution—Legal and Illegal

Breed!

*The Metropolitan* (a parlor-Socialist monthly that included Theodore Roosevelt on its staff), *The Liberator*, *The New Masses*, and his own short-lived *Good Morning*. In his later career he grew even more radical, drawing for Stalinist publications. Bob Minor forsook cartooning to engage in Communist politics and serve as Earl Browder's deputy in the CPUSA; but other *Masses* staffers wandered in different ways. Boardman Robinson became relatively apolitical, John Sloan was more of a socialist, and Bellows an anarchist. Max Eastman even drifted so rightward as to have become a contributor to Bill Buckley's *National Review*.

Art Young's relative obscurity today conceals the fact that he was one of America's greatest polemic penmen, and that he had enormous influence in his time. The cartooney appearance of his work always kept him at a distance from the crayon-shading cartoon propagandists like Minor, Fred Ellis, Robinson, William Gropper, and Jacob Burck, but it was to his advantage, I believe: those artists' inevitable crayon-smudges primed the reader for a predictable left-wing message. Young hid his brick in the sock of good humor. It is my suspicion that he remained unmoved by stories of mass liquidations and pogroms in Russia, at a time when old associates were repulsed by events in the "Worker's Paradise," because he ultimately loved dreaming about the possibility of the perfect world more than the realities to be faced by waking up halfway there. But this is not to be patronizing, for Art Young lived his convictions and was a tireless worker for his causes.

His amazing, impressive, voluminous output includes several books speculating on Hell, ranging from humorous to grim; two autobiographies; essays on cartoon history; and an incredible anthropomorphic study called *Trees at Night*. His clean, forceful cartoons stand as noble memorials to the remarkable penman who magically found the recipe for mixing devastation and goodwill. Many of his cartoons are still strong statements today; those that are not are probably more palatable because of the mountains and minds they moved in their own time.

—Rick Marschall

"What's he been doin'?"

"Overthrowin' the guvment."

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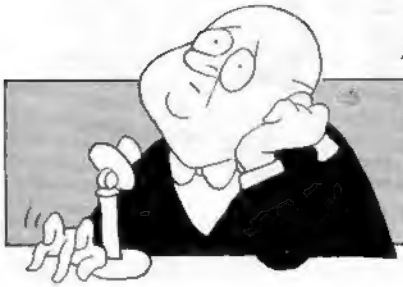

*PLUS:*

Penman of the Past **Gluyas Williams** (via his last interview); a profile of Wimpy, the greatest scoundrel in comics history; and much more!

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